

FRANK LESLIE'S LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER

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Checkmate to Pestilence.

New York has the unhappy pre-eminence among all great municipalities, of being utterly unable to properly control its own local affairs. Its police at one time, instead of being the preservers of the peace, became its most frequent violators, and instead of being the protectors and guardians of the property of the people, became often thieves themselves, or more frequently their confederates and the participants of their spoils. The position of policeman was awarded to the lowest class of ward and corner-grocery politicians, with little or no regard to personal qualifications, and the language of the corps was a strange medley of tongues, in which English by no means predominated. The abuse finally became so great, that the property-holders and respectable people of the city were compelled to invoke the interposition of the State Government, in order to rescue the city from anarchy and preserve it inhabitable. The result was the appointment of a responsible, non-partisan Metropolitan Police Commission, and the organization of one of the finest and most efficient police corps in the world. In the well-uniformed, stalwart, civil policeman of to-day, we have the very contrast of the shabby, lounging, ignorant and impertinent fellow who passed by that name fifteen years ago.

Then our Fire Department, with its obsolete, inefficient apparatus, its noise and rowdyism, but worst of all, its nests of idleness and vice, called "Engine Houses," came in for the wholesome direction and control of a Commission, established on the same principle with that having control of the police. Although only a few months in operation, the city already sees and appreciates the benefits of the change.

Up to this time, however, there has been, a department worse administered than any other, or rather not administered at all, and that is what may be called the Sanitary, or Health Department. The health of a great city depends upon so many conditions, and on the proper discharge of the duties of so many departments of the Municipal Government, that there has been a great practical difficulty in pro-

curing concert or efficiency of action between them. The cleansing of streets, the revision and supervision of sewers, the enforcement of the regulations about sinks, the enforcement of the laws about buildings, and the case of emigrants afflicted with contagious diseases, all these several duties have hitherto devolved upon different sets of men, who have more or less shifted their responsibilities on each other's shoulders. "What is everybody's business is nobody's." And so it has happened, that New York, which, from the advantages of its position, should be the best drained, best ventilated, cleanest and healthiest city in the

world, has been the dirtiest and among the least healthful. Every one who has reflected on the matter, has long seen the necessity of placing special and ample power somewhere beyond local and partisan reach, for the control and reformation of all matters affecting the public health. Our experience with the Police and Fire Commissions, indicated the way in which the general wish could be realized, and we are now happy to announce that the State Legislature has given us a Sanitary Commission, which will have absolute control of all matters relating to the health of the city. All Municipal boards and committees

on streets, sewers, tenements, etc., etc., may still exist and go on as usual, doing nothing but the new Commission is above and beyond them, in no way subject to their control or responsible to them or the Municipality. If it finds the streets dirty, it has the power to have them cleaned. If it learns of a sewer choked up, it has only to direct that it be opened. If landlords jam tenants in inadequate, unventilated and filthy quarters, it can order them enlarged and cleansed. For the purposes of its appointment, the Commission has unlimited power over all property, public and private, in the city, and can cause the arrest and punishment of any and all persons who may annoy or obstruct it in the performance of its duties.

These extraordinary powers have been conferred, and are rendered necessary in view of the approach of the cholera, which last year shrouded Europe in mourning, and from which a visit may be apprehended with the opening of the warm season. With ample warning, with the pestilence in our very harbor as long ago as last fall, our city authorities have done nothing to prepare the city against it. Already an unusually large part of our people have made arrangements to leave the city at an unusually early day, and merchants and hitherto visitors have made their plans to avoid the city during the ensuing season. The damage to accrue to our business and prosperity from these causes, is not easily calculable, but must be great. How far the appointment of the Health Commission may avert it, remains to be seen. This much is certain, the Governor has made a very judicious choice of Commissioners, and it is to be hoped that the public preoccupations in their favor will be justified by their works.

THE LITTLE BOTHER.

On this page we give an elaborate engraving of one of Faud's pictures, "The Little Bother."

The picture tells its own story; we can only tell that of the artist. He is, just now, pre-eminently the domestic artist of the English people, and of the world. A picture of his, the presentation plate of the CHIMNEY CORNER, entitled "His Only Pair," by means of the cheap and good art emanating from the improved facilities of the present day, now hangs on the walls of a



THE LITTLE BOTHER.—BY THOMAS FAED.

hundred thousand homes in this country. Mr. Thomas Faed—he has a brother, John Faed, an artist of great ability—was born in 1826. His father died while he was quite young; but aided by his brother John, who was then working his way to reputation as an artist in Edinburgh, he resolved to follow the bent of his inclination, and study for the same profession.

While a student, he was annually successful in competing for the prizes in various departments of art, and at length succeeded in becoming an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. From that time his rise began, and among his most successful pictures, may be mentioned, "Scott and his Friends," "The Mother eas Bairn," "Home and the Homeless," "The First Break in the Family," "The Little Brother," and many others that appeal directly to the home sympathies, and mark Mr. Faed in art, what Burns was in poetry—a domestic genius.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Ourselves.

This number finishes the volume, and we take the opportunity of saying a few words about ourselves that may be called egotism, but is truth.

Firstly, we are making a paper that has no equal on this continent. In excellence of engravings, good selection of reading matter, and superior typography, we feel sure that we are in advance of every other, and taking these great advantages into account, we know that we publish the cheapest paper in the country.

With each new volume we have new attractions to offer, and everything that can be procured by enterprise or money will add to them.

With this, we can only say to those who have followed us for years through our improving career, that the coming volume will offer attractions beyond those of all the past; and to those who have not already known how pleasant it is to have a journal like FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER brought each week to their home, that now is the time to test it, and for \$4, receive sufficient art and literature for twelve months to satisfy any family.

Getting Out of Mexico.

The response to the French Emperor's address, by the French Senate, by no means justifies the anticipations of the speedy evacuation of Mexico, which some of our optimist statesmen founded on the very vague declarations of the address—declarations which many of us supposed (time will show with what reason) were merely made to gain time and restrain any practical influence of American opinion, until the overthrow of Republicanism in Mexico should be complete.

The response of the French Senate is couched in the form of an affirmation, that the interests which France went to Mexico to protect (!!) will be hereafter protected—the incident of the overthrow of the Republican institutions of the country being a necessity thereto—and that whatever France may do in the premises, will not be through deference to the will or policy of the United States, which are enjoined to observe neutrality and international law; both flagrantly violated by France in going to Mexico, and constantly by remaining there! We copy the language of the Senate:

"Your Majesty informs us that the memorable expedition to Mexico approaches its termination. This is announcing to satisfied France that the protection of her commercial interests is assured in a vast and wealthy market now restored to security. As regards the United States, if, from misconception, the presence of the French flag in America appears to them less opportune than at a previous and most illustrious period of their history, the first tone of the communications made by your Majesty's Government has demonstrated that haughty and menacing language will not decide us to withdraw. France is accustomed to move only at her own time; but she, nevertheless, wishes to remember the ancient friendship between herself and the United States. What your Majesty asks of the United States is neutrality and observance of international law."

In the debate on this address, Marshal Forey, Napoleon's first General in Mexico, and to whom he wrote his famous letter, declaring that his object was to build up a barrier of race in America against the United States—we say this Marshal Forey stated that the French people must not expect to see the French contingent speedily withdrawn from Mexico; that the "high and chivalrous objects" which sent France there were by no means realized; and ended by advising reinforcements, which, according to last accounts, were constantly arriving in Vera Cruz. This is perfectly in harmony with the language of Marshal Bazaine, Napoleon's actual General-in-Chief in Mexico, who says, according to the *Journal des Débats*, that, "In order that the intervention may be fruitful, we [the French] must remain in Mexico until the boys who are to-day eight years of age become men; for the men of these days are either robbers, unprincipled, or incapable of doing anything good of themselves."

The *Constitutionnel*, the organ of the French Foreign Office, speaks in the same strain—that is to say, it declares that the Emperor will not withdraw until he has accomplished his original objects; one of which he openly avowed to Marshal Forey to be, to put "metes and bounds" on the United States. This paper says:

"The Imperial Government will never yield to intimidation; and no excitement, whether it exists at home or abroad, will make the Emperor relax in his habitual solicitude for the moral and material interests of the country. The troops from Mexico will return precisely on the conditions mentioned in the speech from the throne, namely—without endangering the French interests we have gone to defend in those distant countries."

The same ideas, or declarations, are embodied in the newspaper *La France*, also a Government organ:

"We desire that France shall come out of Mexico, but that she shall come out as before a grand people, in obedience to the injunctions or the laws of no one; and, having secured all the interests, moral and material, which called her to those distant shores, as grand and as respected in leaving as she was on her arrival."

It may be said that these expressions are a mere fusilade, a noisy demonstration to cover a retreat and fill the ears of the people while the work of evacuation goes on. But the evacuation does not go on. It is not commenced. On the contrary, fresh French troops are constantly arriving in Mexico. Meantime the nature of the "arrangements," to which the Emperor alluded in his speech as going on between himself and the "Austrian adventurer," is gradually coming out. The latest and most reliable report is, that France is to furnish transportation, commissary stores and munitions of war for 100,000 troops, which Maximilian is to recruit in Austria, Belgium and Europe generally. When a sufficient number of these—the French foreign legion being the nucleus—shall have been recruited, then the regular French troops will be withdrawn. In other words, it is Rome over again. France has been withdrawing from Rome, or rather, pretending to be about to do so, for years, and will do so, perhaps, when the Pope, if ever, shall be able to fortify himself against his own people, and when Italy shall bind herself not to insist on the incorporation of the Papal States in the Italian Kingdom. France will go out of Mexico on similar terms.

1st.—When the will of the people of Mexico shall be effectually crushed, Republican institutions overthrown, and a counterpoise established to the United States.

2d.—When the "Austrian adventurer" shall have secured a sufficiently large army of mercenaries to sustain himself; and,

3d.—When the United States, if not openly recognizing him, shall bind itself not to interfere with him, or permit others to do so!

The latest number of the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of "the pleasant town of Poughkeepsie, containing 20,000 souls, which a quarter of a century ago was the site of a few miserable cottages, and had only a solitary building for public worship." Now Poughkeepsie was settled over 150 years ago; and was so large a place 90 years ago that the legislature of the State met there in 1778, and adopted the Articles of Confederation, and the convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States sat there, in 1788, and that "a quarter of a century ago" it had a population of 10,000 inhabitants.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD, in response to a letter from Mr. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, writes:

"The war is now over. Slavery has been abolished. The great question which made issues between political parties have ceased, and a new and entirely different order of public affairs has ensued. My desire is that we shall realize this change and conform to it. It is folly to fight over the dead past when the *live present* and the *great future* open so brightly and beautifully before us."

A MACON (Ga.) newspaper tells us that more than 4,000 colored people, of both sexes and all ages, are enjoying the privilege of instruction in the schools of that city, established, since the advent of peace, by the charitable people of the North.

It is comforting to know that the Spanish royal baby, born last month, has received at the font 112 names, "comprehending," so the official paper assures us, "all the invocations of the Most Holy Virgin."

This following letter from President Johnson, of the date of August last, has found its way into print, and is now invested with special interest:

Washington, D. C., August 15, 1865.

Gov. Wm. L. SHARKEY, Jackson, Miss.:

I am gratified to see that you have organized your Convention without difficulty. I hope that without delay your Convention will amend your State Constitution, abolishing slavery, and denying to all future Legislatures the power to legislate that there is property in man; also that they will adopt the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery. If you could extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than \$250 and pay taxes thereon, you would completely disarm the adversary, and set an example the other States will follow. This you can do with perfect safety; and you thus place the Southern States, in reference to Free persons of color, upon the same basis with the free States. I hope and trust your Convention will do this; and, as a consequence, the radicals, who are wild upon negro franchise, will be completely foiled in their attempt to keep the Southern States from renewing their relations to the Union by not accepting their Senators and Representatives.

ANDREW JOHNSON, President United States.

THE London Spectator, in the course of a caustic and denunciatory criticism of a new poet, re-

marked: "And this extraordinary production Mr. — modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe!" The audacious publisher managed to make a favorable notice out of this for his advertisement, thus: "Extraordinary production" • • • equal to Goethe."

THE following resolutions have been adopted by the House of Representatives, by majorities ranging from 80 to 123. The last of the list was adopted by a vote of 134 ayes to 8 noes:

"Resolved—That, in the language of the Proclamation of the President, of May 29, 1865, the rebellion, 'which was waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the properly constituted authorities of the Government thereof, in the most violent and revolting form, but whose armed and organized forces have now been almost entirely overcome,' has, in its revolutionary progress, deprived the people of the States in which it was organized of all civil Government."

"Resolved—That whenever the people of any State are thus deprived of all civil Government, it becomes the duty of Congress, by appropriate legislation, to enable them to organize a State Government, and, in the language of the Constitution, to guarantee to each State a republican form of Government."

"Resolved—That it is the deliberate sense of the House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in maintaining the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in those States."

"Resolved—That it is the deliberate sense of this House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in maintaining military possession and control therein, and that the President is entitled to the thanks of the nation for employing the war power for the protection of the Union citizens and the freedmen in these States."

FEMALE education is not altogether a modern introduction. Queen Elizabeth received, under the instructi of the erudite Roger Ascham, a profound knowledge of the learned languages. Abundant evidence of this exists in a comment on Plato; in translations into English of Boethius, Sallust, Xenophon, Horace, Plutarch and Sophocles; in translations into Latin of two orations of Isocrates, and a tragedy of Euripides; in a translation from the French of the meditations of the Queen of Navarre; in a translation of the prayers of Queen Catherine into Latin, Italian and French; in a volume of prayers written by herself in French, Italian and Spanish; and lastly, in a Greek oration delivered extemporaneously at Oxford. There are still extant a number of letters and prayers written or dictated by Elizabeth, and some small poems.

THE murrain among cattle in Great Britain has reached an alarming extent. Since July last, 130,000 head have been attacked, of which only 15,000 have recovered. The pecuniary loss is estimated at about \$7,000,000 in our present currency. History shows us that some of the great murrains of the past have carried off millions of cattle in some countries, leaving almost a desolation behind. In England, now, it is said, that many farms are nearly abandoned, and poverty has followed this fearful pestilence where comfort used to dwell. The poor-rates are increasing; rents cannot be paid, and a panic has seized the whole country.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE, in a speech at New Haven, stated that it was the opinion that "at least 1,000,000 negroes perished in the South during the war." This opinion, he added, had also been expressed by Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, Hon. Randall Hunt, of New Orleans, and other well informed men. He estimated that 50,000 had perished in battle or of their wounds; "but that has not been the principal source of their destruction. Smallpox and other terrible diseases that follow the march of armies have prevailed among them to a terrible extent, all the way from the Rappahannock to the Rio Grande. The smallpox has swept them away in camp and on plantations, and everywhere by thousands upon thousands. It is also a fact that when these diseases spread among those not accustomed to attend to the diseases, among themselves, they have, to a great extent, been neglected by the whole people. The masters and those connected with them lost interest in them. They perished by hundreds of thousands. These are the appalling facts, and yet they are true. I have no doubt that when we come to take the census of 1870, two-fifths of the whole colored population will have perished."

THE question whether trout will rise to a fly, or fish bite in the night-time, is thus answered by Mr. G. C. Scott: "Trout will rise to the fly on a night as dark as Erebus. The experiment has been proven by many here, on nights so dark that the angler could not see a yard from his nose. I once took a friend to Rabiner's Reef, in New York Bay, after dinner, and we dropped anchor about 100 yards north of the Light-house, and commence casting to the Seven Rocks for bass; and the fish responded so generously, that we remained and fished until nine o'clock at night, though it was as dark as pitch, and we were forced to land our fish without a gaff or a net, because we could not see the fish. We then tore ourselves away when they were biting fiercely."

REPUBLICS are not always ungrateful. Gen. Grant, on the occasion of his late visit to this city, was presented with a purse of \$100,000, from a few capitalists, besides a carriage costing \$2,000. Since the close of the war, Gen. Grant has been presented as follows:

By citizens of Philadelphia, with a house and furniture, valued at	\$30,000
By the citizens of Galena, Ill., a house, furniture, and "that sidewalk," valued at	15,000
With swords and equipments to the value of	10,000
Horses	5,000
Library by citizens of Boston	5,000
In cash from the citizens of New York	100,000
Total	\$170,000

The total of this sum is less than the annual income of the estates presented to the Duke of Wellington by the British Government and people.

DURING the great rebellion, the ranks of the New York Seventh Regiment furnished to the army of volunteers, the following named officers: Major-Generals, 3; Brigadier-Generals, 19; Colonels, 32; Lieutenant-Colonels, 47; Majors, 36; Captains, 214; Lieutenants, 184; Surgeons, 7; Chaplain, 1; Adjutants, 18. Total, 561. The New England Guard Battalion, of Boston, furnished about the same proportion of officers. In April, 1861, it numbered 174 men, more than one-half of whom served as officers during the war. Their rank was divided as follows: Generals, 7; Colonels, 16; Lieutenant-Colonels, 5; Majors, 8; Captains, 32; Lieutenants, 22. Total, 90.

THE prospects of emigration for the current year are very promising. Although, during the war, it was said that emigration was encouraged by high bounties, and that most of the emigrants came over to serve in our armies; yet, for the month of January, of this year, the arrivals were double those of the corresponding month of last year. For the year 1865, the arrivals at this port were 200,000, mostly Germans, and the arrivals, for 1866, promise to be little, if any, short of 500,000.

DR. J. H. SALISBURY publishes, in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*, an elaborate paper on fever and ague, in which he asserts that this curse of the richest lands of our country consists in the minute oblong cells of the ague palmella, plants belonging to the lowest known vegetable organisms, and which are found in all ague districts. The breathing in of the minute cells and spores of these plants, which are elevated in the night exhalations, is, according to him, the cause of the disease. The details of the doctor's experiments are clearly stated in the article; and one giving an account of his producing the fever in sound constitutions, by placing these plants at night in a window opening into the sleeping apartment of two young men, is of special importance. The modes of extirpating the plants and of treating the disease, are also included in the article.

A FRENCH lithographer, M. Rigaut, has just published a method for reproducing either old or new lithographs with great ease. The lithograph to be transferred to stone is first laid, face uppermost, on a surface of pure water, whereby all those parts that are not inked absorb water. It is then put between two sheets of blotting-paper, which carry off the excess of liquid; after which the lithograph is laid, face downward, on the stone, to which it adheres perfectly with a little dabbing. Upon this another sheet is laid, moistened with one part of nitric acid and ten of water, and the whole is subjected to the action of the press. The nitric acid thus penetrates through the lithograph, and the stone receives its action equally in all the lights of the picture.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THERE are two days in the year, in this great city of New York, which to the lady part of the congregation have wondrous significance and deep and abiding interest. There are *opening days*, and occur regularly in the spring and fall. On that day the great world of ladydom is informed what it will be allowed to wear the coming year, and where they can get, and what it will cost, and all the minor points in connection with it. They will see the shape of the coming bonnet, and what color will be *à la fail* for trimming. They will know whether Derby's are in or out, and whether gold trimming is to be worn on them. They will know what style of waist they shall waste money on, and what cut of skirt is set down for popularity. In fact, opening day is a most important period, and there is little wonder that when the day is announced by the leading milliners and modistes, that the fairer portion of our people are agitated, and the streets for that and several days crowded with them.

To evince the deep sympathies we have in them, we will endeavor to give the ladies outside of New York—and those inside who did not see the opening—some idea of what they will have to wear.

The changes are not very radical, except, maybe, in the case of bonnets. Dresses will be worn nearly all gored, and the skirts cut very short—a most excellent innovation—so as to show the border of the petticoat, which, by the way, is expected to be rich. Failing this short cutting, the dress will be looped with the patent elevators. The best of the new styles is the Madeline gored dress. It is cut without plait at the waist, and the body and skirt in one piece. Those most stylish are made from buff, or ashes of roses, trimmed with light but bright tint velvets. It has side-pieces at the back, continued down the skirt, more like coat-tails than saucers, 15 inches wide at bottom, and with apparent pockets. These tails or lappets are the same in front, though shorter and narrower. Then there is the "Crystal" dress, composed of two colors and two materials, the under dress of the gray or drap poplin, the upper, of green or blue silk. This dress opens on the sides and shoulders for convenience in putting on, which is a novelty as well as style.

New trimming is coming in to supersede the gold and silver, which never has been popular in upper-endom. It consists of ornaments in cameo imitation, and ivory and mother-of-pearl carvings. Some of these are really beautiful and chaste. In the way of buttons, there are elegant styles in the above, and at prices that somewhat startle the uninitiated.

The bonnet next: and of these, the styles most approved are the "Gipsy," "Aurora," "Pamela," and the "Margaret." The "Pamela" is of white crepe, with violet ribbon, and jet or straw ornaments; the crown loose, the curtain lace, and the front depressed à la Marie Stuart. The "Margaret" is to supersede the Oxford hat now worn; it is similar in shape, but larger, and trimmed with velvet and cameos. The "Gipsy" is really a gipsy, with all the old characteristics of the style; and though just now it seems to rather grate against female sympathy, we should not be at all surprised to see it, in a month, the very accepted style of the day. They are pretty, made up of the most delicious straws and fairy-like ribbons, and looking, off the head, very like the scales we see in grocery and other stores for weighing sugar, etc. In fact, they have a reckless appearance; and, consequently, cannot fail to please young female New York.

With cloaks we shall end the fashions: They are to be worn round, this summer, together with tallmases and double capes, scalloped on the edges, and bound with material to match the dress. Balmoral skirts are going out, and will only be the thing in bad weather. In fine weather, fluting, lace, and other fine affairs will take their place. We're glad of it. And that is the end of our lecture upon fashion.

From fashion to those who support them is a natural step, and we intend, therefore, to discuss one of the revelations that are perpetually being made in this great city. Everybody that reads the papers will see advertisements headed, "Divorces obtained Legally and without Exposure."

It seems that this promise of legal pettifoggers has been carried out in numerous cases, and husbands and wives who supposed themselves married, have suddenly found themselves single. It is done in this way: Somebody in New York gets tired of their wife or husband, as the case may be, and wishing a divorce, can call on the agency, and simply arrange the fee. All the rest is left to the agency. The case goes to an Indiana lawyer—and no one in this vicinity can understand what the Western country can turn out in that way—who commences proceedings urging in the complaint anything that he happens to think of first. The case then goes to a referee—another of the same style of lawyer—who reports, not hearing a word of evidence for the divorcee, who has not been notified, or if they have, it is done in such a way that they cannot understand it. Of course the report is favorable to the application; it goes on the record properly, a copy of the record is forwarded to New York, and the first thing that Mr. or Mrs. Jones or Smith, who have all along been living together quietly, knows, is the information given by their better half that they are divorced. This is a true story, and we mention it, simply to ask our legislators and law-makers if something cannot be done. If there is no balm in Gilead to heal such a domestic dragon, what does civilization and enlightenment mean?

The theatres this week have been doing something new. The Olympic has given us a new version of "Cinderella"; or, the Little Glass Slipper," which is very funny, especially so for the badness—and consequent goodness—of its puns. Mrs. Wood is a charming Cinderella, and the whole thing is more in accordance with the present-day idea of fun than with the old edition.

Walack's has made a great success with "Society," the new comedy, and houses crammed to repletion testify that it suits public taste.

Lucy Bushton has given us "Gralda," a pleasant three-act comedy; well suited to the company, and well suited to public taste, if that is any criterion of excellence.

Miss Lucile Western is making a decided success at Wood's Theatre, in "The Child Stealer," and showing all New York that there is something in her besides the mere sensation school.

The National Conservatory of Music, an institution that is doing its perfect share toward educating the musical taste of the people, gave a grand concert on the 3d Inst., at Irving Hall, with De Rossi, Massimiliano, Andreucci, the Mollenhauers, and other artists. A grand overture and sonatas of Beethoven's for 64 hands on 16 pianos, by the pupils of the Conservatory, was one of the attractions, and produced an effect indescribable.

JURIES.

MR. EDITOR.—In your articles on juries, you seem to favor the decision by majority; but it would not work well. All lawyers of much experience know that, in cases somewhat complex, or difficult of comprehension, the jury, on taking a vote on the case, at first show that only two or three have comprehended it—sometimes only one. This minority explains, over and over, to the majority, until, in the course of 30 or 40 hours, the whole jury get to understand it. This comes from the nature of things. There are more weak than strong minds. For one that is strong and disciplined, there are some scores of mediocres and creatures of mere impulse, prejudice or passion, with whom reason has little or nothing to do. If, in some localities, two or three out of a dozen jurors be capable of understanding a difficult case, it is great luck. But these would be uniformly out-voted in such cases; and if they had no power to check the majority until they could enlighten it, jury trials would soon be intolerable. If the one, two, or three that comprehend, the case fail to convince the majority, it is better the jury should be dismissed for disagreement, than give a wrong verdict. So long as we try by jury, the general safety requires that the brains of that body should be allowed a ponderance, and have a chance, at least, to guide it to a correct conclusion, or prevent a wrong one.

A substitute for a jury has been extensively tried in Chancery Courts, and found very reliable. The Master in Chancery has reduced the testimony to writing, in the presence of the parties or their counsel, and afterward made his report, or rendered his verdict, upon which the court, if no exceptions were filed to the report, proceeded to judge or decree. By this mode, the expense of each witness's deposition, at 10 cents the hundred words, has not averaged over one dollar, probably, in each suit. The witness is not detained, generally, more than one day. In cases appealed, his deposition can be handed up with the rest of the papers, without more expense. If there is error in the report or decree, the testimony stands in writing, by which the error may be corrected. If the court think, on argument of the exceptions to the Master's report, that it is wrong in any respect, they may refer it back to the same or another Master for further examination and report, or to take further testimony and make further report. The Master has full time and opportunity to examine and decide. Counsel may argue the matter to him; and if they have often omitted to do so, it was probably because they thought the Master as capable of understanding it as themselves.

I do not remember of hearing suitors complain of Masters' reports, as finally revised and adopted. The cheapness and certainty of this mode of trial ought to have commanded it to reformers. It, besides, would prevent much litigation; for how many suits are brought in the hope of a finding of the facts according to the prejudices of the jury? I have heard a lawyer say to his client: "In strictness of law you cannot recover; but there is no telling what a jury might do." The client is thus induced to bring suit. The lawyer evades responsibility, gets his fee, and wins an opportunity of making a speech, by way of advertising his calling. If the Master, or referee, were brutal, or inclined to be partial, he could not still divert the course of justice; for the evidence would be in writing, and taken down under the eyes of the suitors or their counsel. The Judges of the court of last resort would have to be bribed, also, to effect the evil purpose; but who could bribe the public, before whose eyes the recorded testimony could be brought and the Judges themselves arraigned?

The Master, referee, or single juror, whatever his name, would act under a responsibility, which would generally overrule any feeling of malice or friendship for the suitor, were the other checks wanting. It can scarcely be hoped that a majority of the lawyers will favor this plan, for it would diminish their income, as well as their chances for cultivating and displaying their eloquence; though, as a class, they are as patriotic and self-sacrificing as any other. Eloquence is a good thing, but should not cost too much. It, indeed, according to Tacitus, flourishes best where the machinery of Government is disordered, or imperfect, and needs much tinkering. Measures, then, that save wind, must be taken.

Among the inconveniences to be obviated by the proposed substitute are the many days' attendance of witnesses before they can be examined in open court, the winnowing out of intelligent men, in order to procure the veriest clod of humanity for jurors, the two to ten hour speeches addressed to jurors to penetrate their supposed simosity or excite their prejudices, the feeling of but one-twelfth of a proper responsibility by the juror, and the non-existence of a record of the testimony.

G.

FINE ARTS.

We have delayed noticing one of the finest local paintings which has been exhibited in New York, until the exhibition has closed in which it was offered to public view. We, however, seize this

opportunity of putting our opinion upon record. This painting was "A View of New York from Hamilton Ferry, South Brooklyn," and was on exhibition at the Derby Gallery, with the paintings of the Philadelphia Sketch Club. The artist is C. G. Rosenberg, a gentleman well-known both in the literary and musical world; and although he has been for three or four years dealing with the palette and maulstick, this is the first picture of so ambitious a class which he has painted. It is of very large size, and the drawing, both of the figures and shipping, throughout the canvas, is singularly true and powerful. The rising thunder-storm in the west is painted with marvelous truth, and the expanse of sunset-sky, in the left and centre of the canvas, has a recession which is admirably translated by the brush of the artist. Perhaps the composition of the figures and boats, in the fore-part of the picture, is too much scattered, but if so, the feeling of motion in the picture is benefited by this fault in the composition. Indeed, we have never seen the predominant feeling of action so thoroughly rendered upon any local landscape. If Mr. Rosenberg were to publish this picture as a chromo-lithograph, we feel convinced that he would have a very large sale for it; and we take the liberty of suggesting this, as feeling certain that it will be very valuable, peculiarly, to him. As the production of one whose contributions to literature must be well-known to the generality of our readers, we feel additional pleasure in pointing out the merits of a work which has earned so large a share of justly eulogistic criticism from the daily and weekly press of this city, and which, in many respects, is a work of decided genius.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Probably the largest spring in the world is one in the centre of Huntsville, Ala., from which a stream of water flows sufficient to float a 30 ton batteau. It is an object of great interest to the people of the neighborhood and visitors. Another spring in Florence, in that State, throws out a body of water estimated at 17,000 cubic feet per minute.

—A "Pony Express" has been started in New Orleans for the delivery of small packages with the greatest dispatch, and at low rates, to all parts of the city. Signs, bearing the words "Pony Express Wanted," will be distributed amongst the business houses of the city, and they have only to hang out the sign and up trots a pony driven by a boy in uniform.

Thieves have discovered a new use for chloroform. The porters near Adrian, Mich., disappeared in a most unaccountable manner, and what was regarded as strangest, they were carried off without the sound of a single squeal. A gentleman, however, discovered the depredators operating one night, and going to the pigpen, he found two fat hogs lying helpless and unconscious, having been drugged with chloroform.

About 1665 Hon. Theodore Atchison, of Portsmouth, N. H., had a legacy of \$1,000, the income of which was directed to be distributed in loaves of bread to the poor of that town on Sundays. This has been regularly for about a century; about \$5,000 have been thus spent, and the fund has not been impaired.

In Louisiana and Texas over 20,000 colored Methodists have broken off their connection with the Southern Methodist Church, and joined the Northern Church. In Georgia, it is said, that the entire colored membership of the Southern Church will connect itself with Northern Methodism.

The 28 arsenals and armories in the North contain 4,025,175lb. of powder, 401,026lb. of shell, 233,818lb. of cannon-balls, 84,300lb. of grenades, 47,892 boxes of grape-shot, 21,356lb. of bombs, 1,000,000 good Springfield muskets, and 500,000 captured and foreign muskets.

The Galveston (Texas) *News* calls attention to the condition of the cemeteries of Houston, in which the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air make their swallowing-places and nests upon the resting-places of the dearly-loved, but departed friends.

In Memphis every hotel is crowded, and so is every boarding-house; and the renting of a house, or even a suite of rooms, for a small family, is next to impossible. Small, unfurnished rooms, on the third floor, rent readily for \$25 to \$30 a month.

Sambo goes in for the Fenian fight. A colored youth was arrested in Albany, on Friday, for "loafing" when he made an earnest appeal to be sent to New York that he might go to Ireland with the first regiment that started.

An Oregon paper says enough liquor has been sent across the mountains to keep every man in Montana drunk all winter.

There is a dried-up Indian woman, near the head-waters of the St. Croix, in Wisconsin, who is the oldest person of modern times. Some say she is 300, and none guess less than 150.

Brigham Young has purchased two of the Sandwich Islands, to which he proposes to remove, bag and baggage.

Of the 9,000 post-offices in the disloyal States, about 2,000 have been reopened. Nearly 300 have received post-mistresses, because no man could be found who could take the oath that he had not borne arms against his country. The ladies, though rebellious enough in spirit, are able to take the prescribed oath.

"Handkerchief Preaching" is the appropriate term applied to a pulpit peculiarity, by the *Christian Reflector*; "I notice," says the writer, "a handkerchief habit in the pulpit, which has led me to inquire if the use of that very necessary article is a part of theological training. I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets as they do their sermons, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it over their heads; some clinch it in their hands, as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets and pulling it out again, with a nervous movement, as if they did not know what use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchiefs, and the most of the other half was gold wash and bits of poetry."

The negro who committed a diabolical murder of a white girl and boy in Union county, Arkansas, a few weeks since, was followed and arrested in Bradley county by negroes. After being brought back, he confessed his guilt, and went to the place where the murder was committed and got the knife which he had used, and afterward concealed under a log. After the proper examination, he was burned to death, old negroes and Federal soldiers assisting in bringing pine knots to make the fire. The negroes manifested the utmost anxiety to have him brought to justice.

The Treasury Department, in settling a balance of two cents, due to Erastus Foote, of Boston, sent a draft to him, worded and numbered as follows: "Draft 2,950 on Treasury warrant, Treasury of the United States. No. 1,304. Washington, Jan. 8, 1866. At sight pay to Erastus Foote, collector and disbursing agent, or order, two cents. F. E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States. Recorded, Jan. 8, 1866. R. B. Colby, Register of the Treasury. Assistant Treasurer, U. S., Boston, Mass." On this important document there were seven signatures, and all for two cents. The gentleman who owned the draft was offered a dollar for it, but said he would not sell it for five dollars.

A couple in Litchfield, Conn., lately tried to get divorced, after ten years of wedded life, but in the course of the trial it appeared that they never had been legally married, and they gave up the idea of a divorce, and were married in due form.

Lewis Fisher, a fresco painter, fell a distance of twenty-five feet, in one of the Chelsea, Mass., churches, while at work, a few weeks ago, and received injuries which have disabled him for life. The trustees of the church lately sent him a bill of seven dollars and sixty cents for damage sustained by the pews on which he fell! So says the Springfield *Republican*.

The ancient custom of "crying the hour" by night watchmen has been kept up at Pittsburg, Pa., until recently.

A shoemaker in New Orleans was so overcome by the birth of a daughter, that he cut out sixteen pairs of Congress boots all for one foot, broke a temperance pledge, got into a street-fight with a sailor, and fell overboard.

—A Mr. Dodd, at Warren, Ill., commenced on the 14th of January to starve himself to death, and he died on the 27th, accomplishing his object in 13 days. For nine days he took neither food nor water. After that he took a little rice-water daily, but he was so weak that he did not rally.

—The sons of Mr. William Johnson, brother of the President, have published a letter confirming the reports that their father, who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his own gun, died for want of surgical treatment, the Confederate surgeons of the vicinity refusing to render any assistance on the ground that Mr. Johnson was a brother of the President. The accident occurred at Velasco, Texas, and the family were obliged to send to Columbia, 100 miles distant, for a Federal surgeon. When applied to for their professional ministrations the medical faculty of Velasco, replied that there were too many Johnsons.

—The editor of the Louisville *Journal*, alluding to a recent interview with the President, says: "We expected to find the President weary and worn and haggard. Never were we so much mistaken. He was in the finest and most vigorous health, his face as fresh as in earliest manhood. It would have been evident to any one, seeing as we saw him, that he is a firm, resolute, self-possessed man, confident, but not vainly nor arrogantly confident in his own strength. His will is like his frame, and that is of iron."

—Complaints having been made of the "amusements" in Nashville, Tenn., a committee of the Common Council was appointed to examine them and report whether they were conducted in a "flagrantly lewd" manner, or were "deleterious to morals," and whether they violated any existing laws. The committee reported that they were alarmingly deleterious to morals, and also came within all the other points.

—Not long since there was a dancing party at the house of Mr. Scott, near Avoca, Lawrence County, Ala. The weather was very warm in the early part of the evening, but it had become exceedingly cold when the party broke up, heated and fatigued. The company went home; two of them died the next morning and seven have since died. Others are seriously ill, and none of the participants in the affair are well.

—The Mobile *Register* says: "Counterfeit Government postal currency has been thickly scattered over this section, and at the present time there are thousands of dollars of the bogus trash circulating in our city. They are throwing it on the market too fast."

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, some time ago, gave George W. Stone, of Swampscoot, a verdict of \$300 against parties who had tarred and feathered him for rejoicing over the death of President Lincoln. Emboldened at this, he has brought suit against a minister who looked through a window at the procession that tarred him.

—Mrs. Stonewall Jackson has published a letter declining further contributions raised throughout the South for her benefit, deeming it inconsistent with her ideas of rectitude and honor to receive them.

—There is a "sell" going the rounds, which has victimized, among others, two or three distinguished teachers in the public schools. The gist of it is that there is an old man now living in Biddeford, Me. (or in any other place), who will be 143 years old if he lives till the 30th of this month. Do you see it?

—A literary society of young ladies, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., have styled themselves the "Go Home Alones," and altogether ignore the company of male attendants.

—Foreign.—The European papers present terrible pictures of the mortality attending the new disease, called "trachina," in several parts of the Continent. The disease, as is well known, is engendered by eating pork, in which, though unseen, millions of animalcula abound, that cannot be destroyed except by long and hard boiling. Those pass into the human system, and the person is eaten up alive by them, without being able to help himself. A German physician of Frankfort, who has given the subject much consideration, wrote on the 9th ult., that in a little place near Magdeburg, 100 children had been rendered orphans by the disease, and upward of 300 patients were then awaiting death, which they knew to be inevitable, from the same cause. The disease is reported to have appeared in some of the Western cities of the United States.

—Prince Achille Murat has fallen under imperial displeasure for his duel with the editor of the *Figaro*, and has been ordered to join his regiment in Mexico. Jerome Bonaparte (Patterson), who was second to his cousin, is to go to Algeria.

—The baboons of South Africa are so large and so numerous that they eat sheep-cotes and kill and eat young and old as their appetites need. They have to be trapped and shot to save the herds. They will face and fight women and children, and will barely run from men.

—A shoemaker in Leeds, England, undertook, lately, for a wager, to eat an uncooked rabbit—for skin, and all. He succeeded, but immediately went into convulsions, which continued for an hour, when he died.

—Adelina Patti, the operatic artiste, receives \$1,000 a night for her performances in London.

—The city of Melbourne, in Australia, has a population of 120,000 inhabitants, and is increasing quite as rapidly as San Francisco. It has many of the aspects of an American city—American labor and American capital having added largely to its growth. American coaches, wagons, teamsters, pioneers, merchants, and American ships are so common that, although in a minority as regards population, as an influence in enterprise the Americans are the ruling people.

—Tinsel is in vogue; in Paris every article of dress gilters. White tulles and tarlatans are gilded with gold spots or stars, or embroidered with birds or flies, in black and gold, blue and gold, red and silver, etc. The bouillonnantes and flounces of the skirts are draped up with gold chains.

—Among the causes of fires in London, last year, the following are reported: Airing linen, 11; children playing with fire, 35; "a dog," 1; fuses, 3; intoxication, 4; lightning, 2; lights thrown down the area, 8; lime-slacking, 9; and lucifers, 24.

—An ingenious little machine has been put on some of the Parisian hacks. It indicates to the passenger who engages it, at once the time he is riding, the distance he has made, and the price he has to pay, according to the official regulations.

—Complaint is made by the papers in York, Eng., that at concerts given there, the ladies take their crochets and tatting-work with them, and the gentlemen read the newspapers throughout the performances.

—A German surgeon, at Paris, was recently bereaved by the death of his wife. His friends assembled to console with him, and found him engaged in dissecting her body!

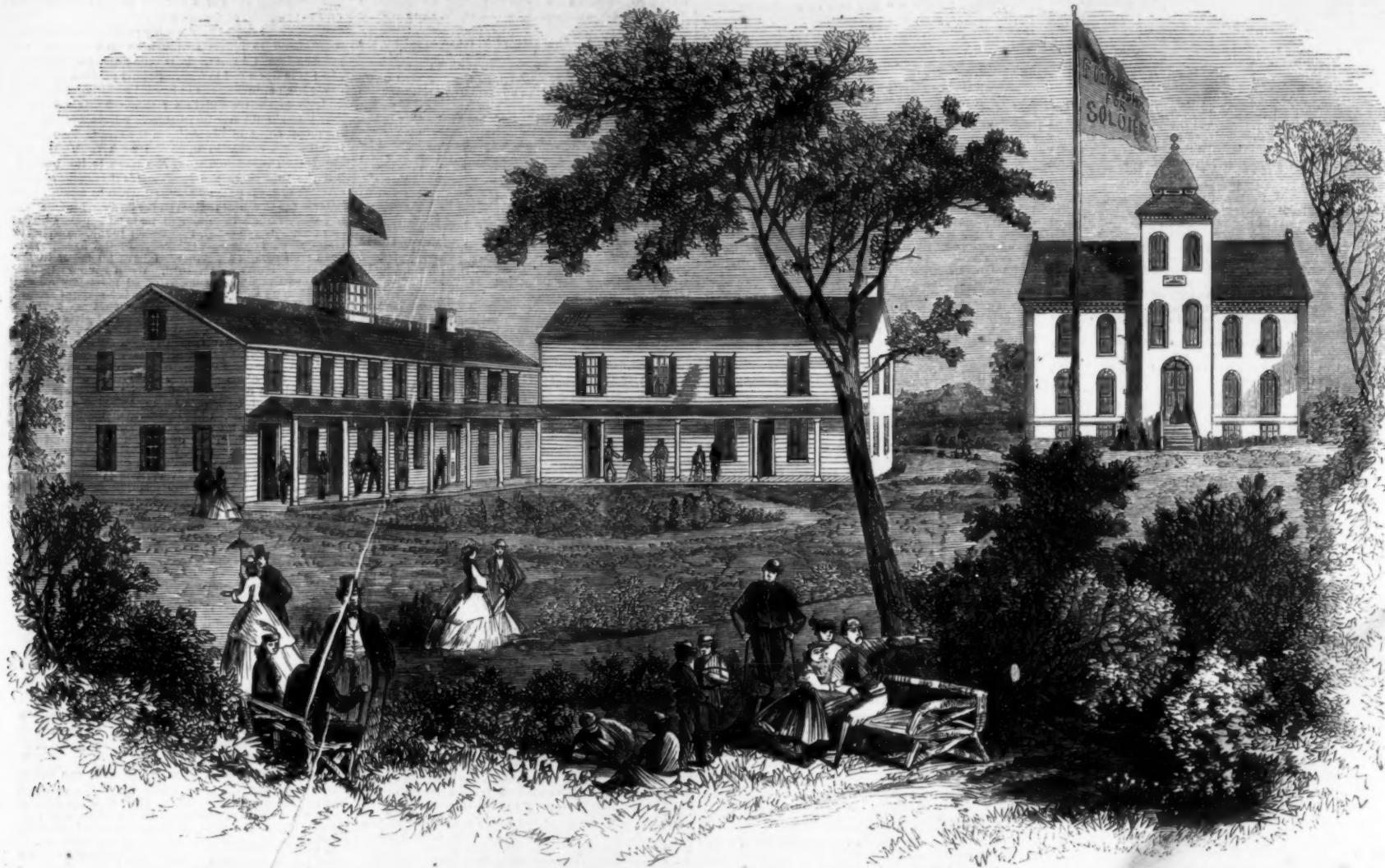
—In the small island of Iona, on the coast of Scotland, 61 kings lie buried—48 were Scotch, 8 Norwegian, 4 Irish, and 1 French.

—**A STATUE WEEEPING BY STEAM.**—A singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of St. Magdalene, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently removed, in order to facilitate repairs for the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up to the head, and was then condensed. The water thus produced made its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, and trickled down upon the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed.

THE PLEASURES OF ILLNESS.

DICKENS'S *All the Year Round*, in an article on the pleasures of illness, says:

"Nothing astonishes a weakly person who has been accustomed to illness so much as



A NOBLE CHARITY.—FITCH'S HOME FOR THE SOLDIERS AND THEIR ORPHANS, AT DARIEN, CONN., FOUNDED BY BENJAMIN FITCH, ESQ., INAUGURATED JULY 4, 1864.

the trustees, in the following letter, have expressed the thanks of the institution:

THE LETTER.

To—
Darien, August 3d, 1865.
DEAR SIR.—The trustees of Fitch's Home for Disabled Soldiers and the Orphan Children of such as have died in support and defense of the government of our country, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a choice, well-selected and expensive library of several thousand volumes for the use of the inmates of the Home. We find that your generous contribution materially aided the founder of the institution, Mr. Benjamin Fitch, in his efforts to furnish this valuable acquisition, so essential to the comfort and instruction of the inmates and the permanent prosperity of the Home.

We are the more grateful for your contribution to this

object because we believe it has been prompted chiefly by your interest in the welfare of our country, and your generous sympathy for its brave and suffering defenders.

Please accept our thanks for your kind aid in this work, and the expression of our earnest wish that, hereafter, England and America may ever be one in sympathy for the suffering and oppressed, one in desire for the maintenance of justice, and the establishing of universal freedom, and one in earnest effort for permanent peace and harmony between the two nations.

(Signed) C. W. BALLARD, President.

TRUSTEES:
William A. Cummings, James B. Hoyt, Philander Button, Stephen Hoyt, E. C. Bissell, Charles Marvin C. J. Starr, Charles Brown, M. B. Pardee, M. D.

(Attest)

P. BUTTON, Secretary.

Italy, also, where Mr. Fitch spent the fall and winter of 1865, for the benefit of his health, among the sculptors and painters of that classic land, was not wanting in sympathies, friends, and offers of assistance. Our celebrated American artist, Powers, gave the institution a beautiful bust of Franklin, executed in marble, and also introduced him to another American sculptor of note, Mr. Larkin G. Meade, jun., who had just completed a group, called the "Returned Soldier," representing a returned cavalry officer, in a sitting posture, with a child on his knee, an orphan, to whom the soldier is depicting the battle-field, and apparently describing the scenes there witnessed—probably the death of her own father; and, it may be, bringing her a dying message from his comrade (her father).

The appropriateness of the group as an adornment for the grounds of the institution he had founded, was so striking to Mr. Fitch, that he at once contracted with Mr. Meade for a copy, to be executed in white Carrara marble, of a size half larger than life, at a cost of 10,000 francs. Mr. Meade generously forgoing any profit to himself, on account of the object for which it was intended, as, he says, the cost of the production of the group will hardly be repaid by the contract price. This group has not yet arrived in this country; when it does, it will prove an ornament to the institution, of which it may well be proud.

In addition to the statuary, Mr. Fitch also procured, by donations from friends of our country in Italy (among whom we would mention the celebrated artists, Messrs. Costa & Conti of Florence, Mrs. Anstice, widow of a British officer, residing in Italy, and others), several valuable paintings; which, together with the bust of Franklin, mentioned before, arrived safely in this country, but were, unfortunately, destroyed by fire in a bonded warehouse, in New York, in September, last, a few days after their arrival; and as they were not insured, proves a great loss to the institution, which, it is hoped, will be replaced by our own countrymen.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Fitch, in addition to his other bequests, for the purpose of properly securing the works of art, books, paintings, statuary, etc., set aside \$10,000 for the erection of a fireproof reading-room, library, chapel, etc., for the Home. This building is nearly completed, and is the one in our sketch, with a tower and cupola.

We have thus briefly given a sketch of Mr. Fitch and

his generous and patriotic undertaking; and to show that he is not without countenance among our most noted countrymen, we copy an appeal that the trustees have made to citizens generally, to assist in this great work, as the amount of good to be performed, in its specialty, is without bound; and as Mr. Fitch, out of his comparatively moderate means (for he does not rank with our millionaires), has contributed from \$30,000 to \$40,000 in this work, and does not aspire to be the sole benefactor in this matter.

If the appeal should bring forth any contributions for the institution, we will feel that our labor and expense in making our readers acquainted with Mr. Fitch and the Home for Disabled Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers have been well repaid.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

An Appeal to the Patriotic Citizens of this Republic.

Mr. Benj. Fitch, of Darien, Connecticut, in the beginning of the year 1864, as an inducement to soldiers to enlist in the service of the country, to put down the rebellion then existing for its overthrow and dismemberment, set apart and endowed lands and buildings for the formation of an institution as a home for disabled soldiers and orphans of soldiers who might lose their lives in their country's service.

The institution was dedicated on the 4th of July of that year, for the purposes specified, and Mr. Fitch has since conveyed by deed the same, without fee or reward, to the trustees appointed to take charge of the institution.

The principal object of the institution is to bring up and educate orphans of soldiers who have been killed in defense of the country. We also wish to take care of and provide for all disabled soldiers who are destitute. Also all widows of soldiers killed in putting down the late rebellion—if means can be obtained for that purpose.

We appeal to all patriotic citizens, in the name of the orphans of the nation, as they cannot be left to fill the Alms-Houses, nor want for shelter, education, and sustenance, while others have plenty; and to spare; as the blood in their veins, made sacred by the sacrifice of their fathers' lives in our defense, and the perpetuation of this Government, should be cherished and protected by all who enjoy the blessings they died to procure.

In receiving and applying your charities for this object, we pledge ourselves to use all donations in the most economical manner, for the benefit of those concerned.

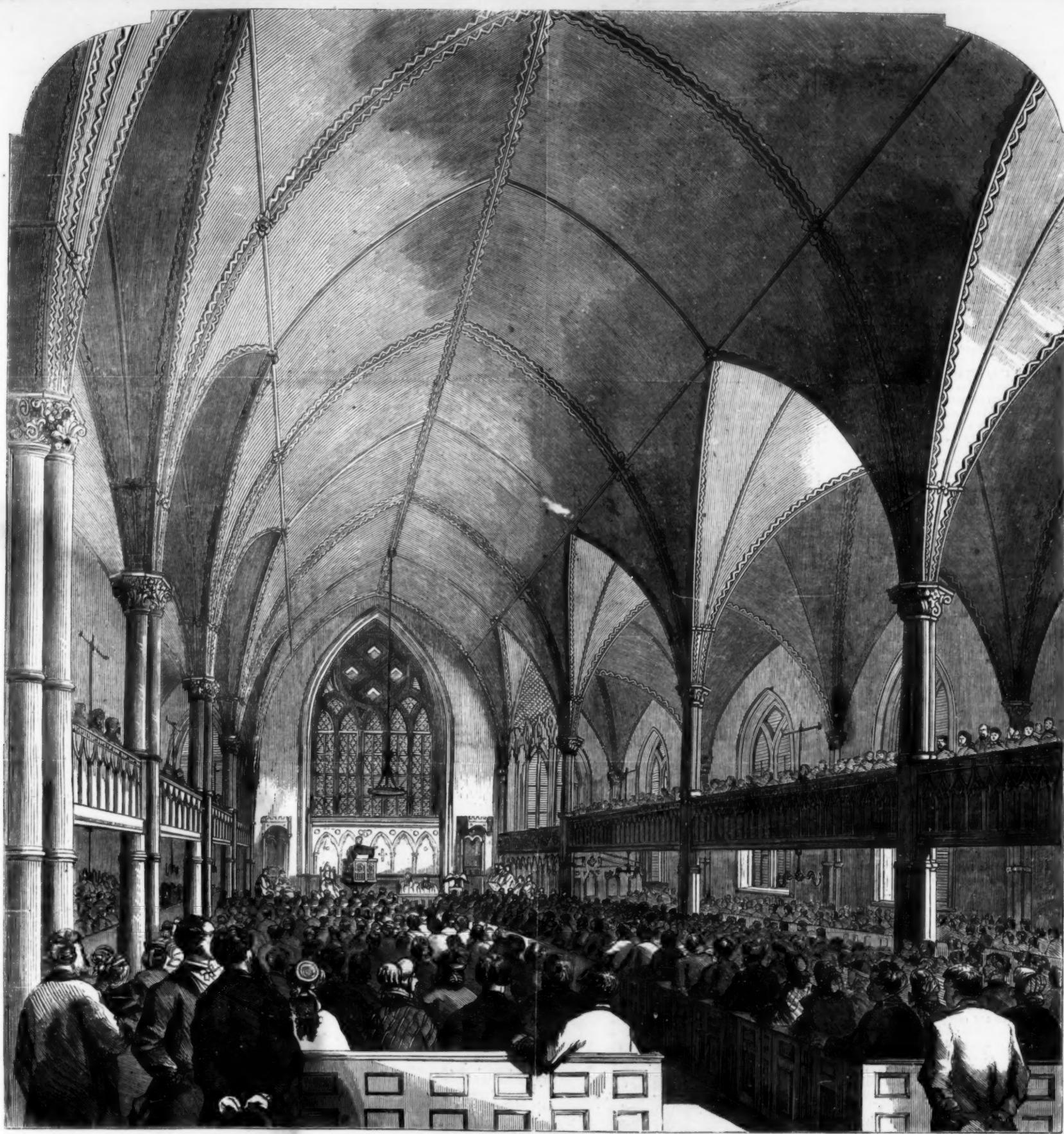
We have room for more; all we want is the means to take care of them, which, we hope, will be forthcoming, and for which we appeal to you, and all who take the



THE RETURNED SOLDIER.—A GROUP IN MARBLE, BY MEADE, FOR THE SOLDIERS' HOME, DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.



THE SCHOOL AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, DARIEN, CONN., FOR CHILDREN OF VOLUNTEERS KILLED IN THE WAR.



THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.

cause of the orphan, connected with the salvation of our country, to heart.

We would refer you to the accompanying letters from Lieutenant-General Grant, and the endorsement of the same by our much-esteemed President and the gentlemen of his Cabinet.



DR. EDWIN HARWOOD, RECTOR, TRINITY CHURCH, NEW HAVEN.—PHOT. BY BEERS & MANSFIELD.

Metropolitan Hotel, New York, Nov. 17th, 1865.

MR. BENJ. FITCH:
Dear Sir—I heartily sympathize with you in your endeavors to assist those who have been disabled in the great struggle just past, and to give a home to the orphans of the soldiers who have lost their lives in defending the right; and I cheerfully recommend the institution you have founded to the good will and solid support of all our countrymen, as I know the sympathies and beneficence of all good men must be given to so great and worthy a charity.

Wishing you all success in this laudable undertaking, and that you may find the hearts of all patriotic and benevolent citizens disposed to assist you in this worthy object, I am, yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen. U. S. A.

Washington, Nov. 25th, 1865.

We heartily endorse the opinions of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, as expressed in his letter to Mr. B. Fitch, and dated at New York, November 17th, 1865, and would recommend the institution he has founded to the good will and solid support of all Americans who love their country and appreciate the services of those soldiers who spent their blood and sacrificed their lives in its defense.

ANDREW JOHNSON, Pres't.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec. of State.
EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec. of War.
HUGH McCULLOCH, Sec. Treas.
GIDEON WELLES, Sec. Navy.
JAMES SPEED, Atty' Gen'l.

The institution is at present in charge of the following gentlemen as trustees, from whom any further information can be obtained:

TRUSTEES.	C. J. STARR.
JOSEPH B. HOYT.	CHARLES BROWN.
WM. A. CUMMING.	M. B. PARDEE, M.D.
PHILANDER BUTTON.	E. G. BETTS.
STEPHEN HOYT.	
A. HILL.	
HON. C. W. BALLARD, President.	
JOSEPH B. HOYT, Treasurer.	
PHILANDER BUTTON, Secretary.	

Communications, enclosing donations, may be addressed to Joseph B. Hoyt, Esq., Nos. 28 and 30 Spruce street, New York.



ANCIENT COUNTY HOUSE AND JAIL, AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.—SKETCHED BY H. C. CURTIS.

A "L'AFRICAIN."

LISSEN, Adelé, to the violins,
As they sigh through this nectar of sound,
To the flutes that murmur like sirens,
To angels who hover around,
Where flowers of exquisite perfume,
Bespread a paradise ground.

The clarionets babble and ripple
Softly as nightingale's song,
Bearing in rapturous languor
Our dream-laden fancies along,
With their rare voluptuous measure,
Where pleasures ecstatic throng.

Bravura! Like screaming of eagles,
The trumpets are flooding the air—
The bugles shrill their fierce clamor,
Like tigers aroused from their lair,
Stinging our dreams with their tumult,
Wild crash, and resonant blare.

Ah, Adelé! my precious—my darling—
How it wakens from slumber again,
That which in sensuous fantasy—
Wrapped in its folds my brain—
Stifled me as with perfumes
From the Orient's golden morn.

Darling! they tell me the story
The ocean used to sing,
As I tossed on its passionate bosom,
And watched the sea bird's wing—
Caressing it like a sunbeam
From the silvery throne of Spring.

Tinklings! They are the castanets,
Which the houries of Islam
Shook as they danced in the moonlight
Under the feathery palm,
Shading their eyes by the crescent
Of an alabaster arm.

How the choruses glide together,
Like the white sails of a fleet,
Sailing away from an ice-bound coast,
To a land of fervor and heat—
A land of fair enchantment,
Pressed only by seraph's feet.

Ha! they are touched by a tempest,
Whose shadow blackened the moon,
And darkened my visions with phantoms,
Who the flowers of my dream have strewn
Like the blooms of India's jungles
When rages the dread cyclone.

Wind closer your arms my darling,
For I grope as through tangled flowers,
Whose odorous sighs are bearing me down
Into their bliss-laden bower—
Into the arms of melodious Night,
Caressed by her passion-plumed hours.

* * * * *
Ah, madam! I beg your pardon—
I admit—tis hardly right—
To sleep through Meyerbeer's "Africaine,"
While you look so charming and bright—
And conclude I am duncedly stupid—
Or perchance—up late last night.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL DAYS.

THERE is, perhaps, hardly any class of light reading more fascinating to both old and young, than familiar recollections of school days, traits of character learned in all the early freedom of youth. If any who were my companions in my girlish days chance to see this little record of some of their sayings and doings, I am sure it will cause not one thought of mortification, but, perhaps, serve to while away pleasantly some idle minutes.

My own position in our little community was, perhaps, the least enviable one. I was half pupil, half teacher—a girl of sixteen, who, by her services in teaching the younger pupils, mending their clothes, and looking after them generally, paid for the completion of her own education in the points in which it was deficient. It was well for me I had a good resolute mind, and plenty of cheerfulness, for I had enough trials to endure. Not from our principal, Mrs. Howe, who was in heart and mind a true lady, and more, an earnestly good woman, and who did what depended on her to make my position a pleasant one; but among the score of boarders, and sixty odd day-scholars, there were not a few who were disposed to look down on "Susan Payson, who was only a charity scholar, working to pay for her schooling." There were also two resident teachers, who were very ready, by stretching the range of my duties to the uttermost, to save themselves all the trouble they could, and multifarious indeed were the duties considered mine.

It was not about myself, however, I meant to write, but I could hardly make clear all I wished to say without a few words about my own position. The little ones under my care soon learned to look on "Miss Susie" as their best friend, and often most amusing were the confidences reposed in me. I remember one day, Fanny S., a little black-eyed day-scholar, six years old, coming to me with a very affronted air, and asking:

"Miss Susie, are not we, though we are not so rich, just as much *raterisky* as Miss G. and the fine company she talks about?"

At first I could not quite make out what Fanny meant, but recollecting that Miss G., one of the older girls, was rather given to boasting of her aristocratic connections and friends, I surmised that something on that point had wounded little Fanny's *amour propre*; and I assured her, in my opinion, "she was quite as *raterisky* as any one else. I did not think her able to pronounce the word, so I did not try to correct her; but whether some fitting smile on my face, or an undue emphasis on the word made her suspicious, I can-

not tell, but the next day, when she came into school, after kissing me, she burst out eagerly:

"Oh! Miss Susie, I asked papa about that big word, and I am sure I know it quite right now—it is *misterical!*"

Far less acute than little Fanny was Sophie M., a girl three or four years older. I summoned her one day to take her place in a fancy dance the children were practicing. "I can't come," she said, "I do not know the beatitudes." "Indeed not," said I; "get the Bible and I will teach you directly." Supposing it was her Sunday lesson for the following day. "Oh!" was the response, "I do not mean the Bible beatitudes, but my beatitudes in dancing."

Among the score of boarders, there was, for a short time, a Miss Lucinda Euphemia B., as she was duly introduced on her first arrival. She was the only child of a very worthy, but very ignorant and unpolished couple, who, when she was about fifteen, had acquired, by a lucky speculation, a very large fortune, and conscious of their own deficiencies, had brought her to Mrs. Howe to be educated, and above all, taught "how to behave fashionable." They told Mrs. Howe they wanted their daughter to learn *everything*; they had plenty of money, and did not mind expense. Mrs. Howe ventured to suggest, perhaps the young lady might not have capacity for every branch of study, "Oh," replied the satisfied mamma, "never mind that, just buy her a capacity, and anything else you want her to have; we won't mind what they cost!"

A more unfortunate subject on whom to graft fashionable manners, could hardly have been found. She was a stout, over-grown girl, with flat, homely features, and ungainly hands, and feet always in her way; her taste in dress—or rather that of her mother—led to the selection of glaring colors and flashy patterns, and before she had been at school two days, she had acquired the nickname of Blouselinda, speedily shortened into Blousy. Lucinda, with all her exterior disadvantages, had great good-nature, and took this in good part, even answering to the nickname when used by the more mischievous and less refined of her companions.

She chose for her bosom friend, Eunice P., a girl of very ordinary character, who, in consideration of sharing in the quite too abundant supply of cakes and sweets her fond mamma continually sent to Lucinda, was content to act as her confidant, to help her with her lessons, and share in her scrapes, till one of them led to the removal of both from the school.

One night we had all retired at ten, as usual, and had been asleep about two hours, when I was awakened by a subtle, but not unpleasant odor of something burning. I started up, and after hesitating a little, concluded to go and call Mrs. Howe. I did so; but it unluckily happened she stood in the greatest terror of house-breakers, and so soon as aroused, by some unknown process of mind, connected the unusual odor with the object of her fears, who, she supposed, must be below in the house. Whether it was thieves or not, however, it was essential for some one to go down and see what was the matter; and as our household was wholly of the feminine gender, it would have to be ourselves. Going as softly as we could, we awakened the two teachers, the old colored cook, and two other servants, and being also joined by three or four of the elder pupils, disturbed by our movements, we crept cautiously down the back stairs. Either because I had been the first to call them, or because they were disposed to give the post of honor and danger to me as the stoutest-hearted there, I led the van, holding aloft a tin candlestick with flaring candle. Old Judy followed me, armed with an ancient rusty gun she had caught up from the corner of the attic where she slept; then the other servants, one with a broom, the other a mop; the teachers carried respectively an umbrella and yard-stick; as for the rest, they seemed more prepared to run away at the first symptom of danger than to fight. In this order we advanced toward the kitchen, whence the suspicious smell appeared to proceed. As we neared the door, something fell in the kitchen with a sharp, rattling sound.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Howe, in a quivering whisper, "did you hear that? It must be robbers, and that was a pistol, or one of their tools they dropped. What shall we do? Had we not better go out by the front door, and summon some of the neighbors before we go further?"

"But p'raps," put in old Judy, "dare's some of de thieves in de front part of de house, an' de catch us and kill us fust?"

At this suggestion there was a general disposition shown to retreat up-stairs again, but as for me, thinking there was far more probability of fire than thieves, I urged an advance; and either inspired by my courage, or ashamed to desert me, they again slowly followed me toward the door.

I confess, in spite of my show of superior bravery, it was not without a tremor I softly lifted the latch and pushed the door open, but then!—Before a good bright fire they had made up, and the kitchen further illuminated with two candles, knelt Blousy, who, as well as her companion, had a few odd articles of clothing huddled on her night-dress; sitting close by, on Judy's old rush-seated low chair, was Eunice, who, just at the instant of our appearance, was prepared, with outstretched neck and open mouth, to receive a fine fat oyster on the shell, proffered to her by Blousy. It had evidently a moment before been taken from between the bars of the glowing grate, where sundry other bivalves were undergoing their fate; more were lying on the hearth waiting their turn, and a small heap of empty shells showed how the girls had already enjoyed themselves, and how the noise that alarmed us had been caused; and a good supply of crackers and butter was on a chair close by.

I do not know how to describe the ridiculous scene that ensued—the dismay of the detected culprits, the wrath of old Judy to find her kitchen thus profaned and "mussed up," the stately astonish-

ment of Mrs. Howe, to whose dignified presence a night-coiff of ample and lofty dimensions greatly added. It appeared that an occasional supper of roast oysters had been one of the special home luxuries Lucinda Euphemia was partial to; and possessed with the longing for it, she had obtained, over the fence of the backyard, the materials for her feast from an oyster-ender, and hid them till night, when she and Eunice had thought it safe to come down and have their frolic.

I think Mrs. Howe's dignity was much hurt, from her having been led to show so much fear from so ridiculous a cause; for, though usually very indulgent to the freaks of the pupils, when there was nothing more than youthful levity in them, she could not forgive this, and the next day the parents of both girls were notified that she requested their removal from her school.

The character that stands out most prominently in my recollection is that of Elenor Ray. Her father was the owner and captain of a fine merchant vessel, and her mother, who had been an early and dear friend of Mrs. Howe, was dead. Elenor was born at sea, in the South Pacific Ocean, during a long voyage to Australia, in which her mother had accompanied her husband. She only lived to lay her infant in the arms of its father, and to beg him, if it were possible, not to bury her in the ocean, but in the next land he came to. This was a lonely, uninhabited island, on a coral reef, that came in their course, about twenty-four hours after the death of the poor mother. Here they laid her, under a few palm trees, that grew in the centre of the isle, and left her alone with God.

It was a marvel how, under such circumstances, the delicate infant was kept alive; but Mrs. Ray had been accompanied by a devoted and experienced female attendant, who contrived, with the poor, unusual resources for such a case to be found on shipboard, to feed little Elenor and bring her safe home. The little girl was the youngest of three children, the other two, boys, some years older. She was the darling and treasure of father and brothers; and though, as they grew older, Captain Ray placed his sons first at school, and then to regular professions in life, he could not make up his mind to part with his little Elenor, and she accompanied him in all his voyages, till she was ten years old. Strange and varied was the experience of the little ocean-born girl in these ten years; many a beautiful land had she seen, and many an awful storm had she passed through. Her father traded to every part of the world, and in the various ports where they staid, Elenor had picked up words from an infinite variety of tongues, that made her language a most curious and amusing medley.

At last the death of her nurse compelled Captain Ray to make some other arrangement, especially as he felt he could not let his child grow up with the desultory education he was himself able to give her. She was accordingly confided to the care of Mrs. Howe, who treated her with the same tenderness she bestowed on her own two little girls, and Elenor remained with her the seven following years, seeing her father as often as his returns from his voyages permitted.

No words could describe the devoted attachment that existed between this father and daughter. I never saw anything like it—it only stopped short of idolatry. Elenor was not a girl of strong and quick mind; she made very little progress in her studies, not for want of application, for she was very docile and industrious, but she evidently had but small mental powers. What she lacked in mind, however, she made up in heart; the tenacity and strength of her affections were wonderful. It almost killed her to part with her father at first, and she lived only in the hopes of his return each time he left her. She remained, as I said, till she was seventeen years old with Mrs. Howe, who was deeply attached to her.

It may be imagined what a terrible task was imposed on Mrs. Howe, when, at last, it became necessary to break to Elenor the dreadful news of the loss of her father's ship, named after her, the Elenor Ray, and that he had perished, with nearly all his crew, only four having been preserved, after long exposure, in a small boat. Sometimes I start from a dream, imagining I hear again the cry of bitter agony that broke from poor Elenor, when, after the tenderest care and preparation, she heard the fearful truth. She was a girl of much religious feeling, full of simple, earnest faith in God, and of a submissive spirit, and I am sure she tried to bear her trial with resignation; but her mind had not strength to endure it. In a few days she sank into a kind of low delirium. Most gentle, most touchingly sweet was she in her illness; no violence, no loud excitement; she seemed to know us all, to love us more than ever. The only hallucination she had, was, that her father was present, and standing in one particular spot in the room. She would speak of and address him continually, and sometimes, when I sat beside her, she would point over my shoulder to the spot, and speak to him, with such a vivid perception of his presence, I have involuntarily started and looked round to see him. Every care was taken of her, but she grew weaker day by day, and in a few weeks God's mercy took her to Himself.

Mrs. Howe at first thought of having her laid in her own family vault, with those of her own dear ones "gone before"; but—I know not from what feeling, yet one whose fitness we all perceived—it was decided to lay her by herself, in a lovely, secluded spot, in one of the most beautiful of our rural cemeteries.

Years after, I heard of the fate of her two brothers; they were a strangely adventurous family, and all met unusual ends. The elder of the two volunteered for one of the polar expeditions, and died in the frozen north. His bones are bleaching somewhere on a sterile shore, too inhospitable and iron-bound to afford even a grave. The younger brother, equally restless, joined an exploring party to the far South-West, and died and was buried in some wide, lone prairie, far beyond the Mississippi. I never read Mrs. Hemans' exquisite "Graves of a Household," without thinking of the widely sundered resting-places of this family.

MISSSED.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I miss a voice whose tender tones
Rang through the house in echoes sweet,
And since its melody has flown,
My heart alone its sounds repeat.

I miss a face, a child's pure face,
Set in a frame of yellow hair,
While all a water-lily's grace
Seemed centred in the picture there.

I miss each day a child's glad kiss,
That used to greet me at the dawn,
And fill my heart with untold bliss;
Now all that blissfulness is gone.

I miss a little childhood form,
That used to lie against my breast;
I cannot feel her breathing warm,
Or hush my little one to rest.

She does not kneel beside my knee,
And say her little prayers at night,
Or whisper good-night words to me—
A mist of tears will dim my sight!

I listen when the house is still,
To hear her footsteps in the hall,
And often feel my pulses thrill
At the remembrance of her call.

I see the things she used to love;
Each speaks so plainly to my heart
Of one who walks the fields above,
That, spite of all, the tears will start.

I linger in the silent room
Where long ago she said good-by,
And in the twilight's purple gloom
Her memory thrills me like a sigh.

Ah, me! the house is silent now,
Where long ago glad echo rang,
And memory often tells me how
As sweet as any bird she sang.

Oh! childish face and tender voice—
Oh! kiss that haunts me a pain—
Come back, and make my heart rejoice!
Come back, and glad my life again!

Some day I know that I shall meet
My darling in the land of rest,
And walk with her the golden street,
God's peaceful quiet in my breast.

Bagging a Burglar.

FRED WILLIAMS and I were chums, and roomed together. We boarded with a widow lady, in a most respectable neighborhood, where, if we did not have all the comforts of a home, we fared much better than many of our acquaintances who boasted of living in a more fashionable locality, and who certainly paid most extravagant prices for the privilege.

Mrs. Merton was our landlady's name, and a more good-hearted, amiable woman, never presided at a boarding-house table.

A young man, a friend of ours, nick-named "Short," on account of his small stature, but whose real name was William King, occupied a room immediately below that which Fred and I had possession of. He was a wild and noisy fellow, and frequent were the maledictions secretly launched at him for the racket he occasionally made at the most unseasonable hours of the night, by kicking anything that came in his way, from the stool to the cat, and a fondness he had of scraping on a violin, the noise from which he called music, but the other inmates of the house styled it abominable discord. But he was so good-natured and companionable, that all liked him in spite of these little peculiarities.

But enough of him for the present. We merely present him to your notice as one who acted a part in bagging a burglar, wherein he had abundant opportunity to exercise his peculiar abilities.

Our neighborhood had recently been infested with burglars. Scarcely a night passed but some house was visited, and they successfully escaped the man-traps and spring-guns that were constructed and set for their especial benefit.

We three—Fred, Short and I—had some serious and prolonged discussions on the subject, our object being to invent some sort of trap that would be so different from any that had been used or heard of, as to insure the capture of any of these daring fellows, who might pay us a visit.

After we had puzzled our noddles for a considerable time, as to what would be the best means to adopt, Fred seemed to be inspired with an idea.

"How would it do to bag them?" said he.

"Bag them!" Short and I exclaimed, simultaneously.

"Oh, I have concocted a very simple plan for the capture of at least one of them."

"Pray, tell us your plan," I exclaimed; "I confess I can't see it."

"Why, you see the fireplace there? it is boarded, you know; take up that board—you can see right into Short's room. My plan is to get a strong canvas bag, and fasten it securely around the edges of the fireplace; then fix the board in such a manner that if any one treads upon it, down he goes into the bag. Short can then guard him below, and we in this room; then give a general alarm for police. What do you think of it?"

"Don't like the plan," said Short, dubiously. "You leave me to face the most danger. Suppose he cuts his way out, and then cuts his way in me?"

"Oh, we'll fix that," said Fred, laughing, in which I joined; "you will have to have a revolver, and as soon as the burglar falls, you are to threaten him with instant death if he attempts to escape. It is all easy enough."

"But," said Short, still dissatisfied, "how are you going to make him walk into the bag? and who is to give the alarm after he is caught?"

"We'll try to bribe him on the trap," replied Fred. "I will place my pocket-book and watch on the mantel over the trap. I think that will answer. As for the alarm, we can all raise hue and cry. I guess, Short, you can help us some, can't you?"

"You better believe I can," replied Short, breaking into a laugh, the first he emitted since the commencement of our conference.

"Then it is all settled," said Fred; "we have nothing to do now but to set the trap, and wait for the burglars. We had better prepare everything at once."

"All right," said Short and I, entering in the full spirit of the affair at once.

We then, the next morning, went to a sail-makers, and ordered a large bag to be made of strong canvas; when it was sent around to us, we fastened it strongly according to the plan determined; and having fixed the board so that it would act properly, we had nothing else to do than but to await the course of events.

The reader will see that the entire success of our plan rested on the supposition that the burglar would enter the room that Fred and I occupied. To make this more certain, we resolved to leave our door unfastened, and our room being the first one at the head of the stairs, we supposed it would be the first one that would be attempted to enter. As no obstacle would prevent this, it was very probable that we would receive the first visit. A light was to be left burning, so that the pocket-book and watch would be seen at once. And now for the result.

Fred and I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and—*we cannot account for it—we fell asleep*. We were certain we would keep awake when we retired, but old Somnus thought otherwise, and we soon slept heavily.

About three o'clock we were roused out of our sleep by the wildest yell that we ever heard. At first we were so bewildered that we were half frightened out of our wits, but we soon recognized the voice to be Short's; and then we knew what was the matter.

We saw that the watch and pocket-book were gone, and, of course, concluded that a burglar was in the bag.

We ran to the window, and shouted police as loud as we could bellow—Short meanwhile kicking up the most infernal racket in the room below. We could hear him hollering thieves and police one minute, and the next threatening to blow out the burglar's brains if he did not stay in the bag.

Presently, a crowd came running to the house, demanding admittance. Fred threw them his night-key, and told them to come in. Short's room and ours were soon filled with men, most of whom were neighbors. Three policemen also came.

As soon as quiet was restored, Fred informed them that a burglar was in the bag, and talked consequentially of the plan we had invented, and which seemed to have been eminently successful.

Meanwhile, the bag swung gracefully backward and forward, but the burglar made no attempt to escape.

We learned this afterward, as we could not see the bag from our room.

One of the policemen then suggested that the bag should be cut down. As we were all curious to see the exit of the burglar from his strange place of confinement, it was resolved that we should all assemble in Short's room for the purpose, having no fear of the burglar's escaping through the trap-door, as any movement in that direction could be checked from below.

A large and sharp knife was procured, and one of the policemen, getting upon a high chair, commenced cutting around the top of the bag. It shortly came down with a crash, and out rolled our landlady.

She had swooned.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Short.

The rest were silent for a moment, but all soon burst into a loud roar of laughter, which must have penetrated to the brain of good Mrs. Merton, for she soon recovered; and stood upon her feet confronting the crowd in amazement. She looked around, and her eyes lighted upon the bag. You should have then seen the indignant look she cast upon Fred, Short, and I, as she knew we were the culprits.

She asked us what we meant by setting a trap in our room. Fred answered for all, and told her what was our design.

Soon as he concluded, a good-humored smile radiated over her features, and then she told us all how she came to get into the bag.

It appeared that being very restless, she could not sleep, and about three o'clock she thought she smelt something burning. She arose and came to our door, and perceiving a light in our room, she tried the door, and finding it unfastened, she entered. She saw that something was smoking on our mantel, which proved to have been one of Fred's best towels, it having ignited from the lamp near it, and in extinguishing it, she had stepped on the trap, and down she went, bearing Fred's watch and pocket-book with her, she having them in her left hand at the time; as they were near the burning towel, she had attempted to remove them from it, but fell before she had time to do it.

Short was awake, and as soon as she fell, he commenced his part. Mrs. Merton screamed, too, but in the noise and confusion which immediately ensued, we did not hear her. She became so frightened she fainted. The rest we all knew.

We three poor unfortunates had to bear much ridicule before the crowd dispersed, and it was a long time before we heard the end of our attempt at bagging a burglar.

The poet tells of "ships that never come to shore." Perhaps he meant courtships.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF TRINITY CHURCH NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The semi-centennial anniversary of Trinity Church, New Haven—Rev. Dr. Harwood's—Wednesday, February 21st, was an affair of great interest to all surviving members of that flourishing branch of the great Episcopalian Gospel-tree. The day was a delightful one, all nature looking peculiarly inviting—a day indicative of the near approach of spring-time, with its bird-warbling and buds and leaflets. A large portion of the members of the church, and of admirers of Trinity, assembled within its walls to enjoy the jubilant occasion. In this assembling, a noteworthy fact was the number of venerable women and patriarchal men whom this half-century celebration and the balminess of the weather called out.

Trinity never looked better. Its beautiful new internal adornments never showed to better advantage than when the warm rays of the morning sun fell upon its ivied walls and streaked in at its diamond-panted windows.

At the hour of opening the services, and while the audience were all in expectation, the door opened, and an imposing body of bishops and clergymen, clad in the robes of the church, moved up the aisle, reading an appropriate selection from the service-book as they proceeded. Arrived at the chancel, these sons of the church took the places which had been assigned them, and the services were begun. These services, including the sermon and the communion, lasted about three hours. During their celebration, the most devout attention was evinced.

The discourse by the rector, Dr. Harwood, was one eminently scholarly. It was at once a history of Trinity Church and a defense of the Episcopal faith. The historical portion came first. We present the most interesting facts embodied in this division of the discourse to our readers. Episcopalian will find that these facts embrace much of the history of the development of their faith in this town within the last half century.

A retrospective view of 50 years made by a man could hardly fail to bring sombre feelings to his bosom. Not so with a prosperous church, however; to such a church such a view could but be inspiring. This was the view the Doctor took in penning his discourse, and this was still his feeling.

Fifty years ago, at the same hour in which the doctor was preaching, and on the same day of the week, Trinity Church was consecrated. Bishop Hobart, of New York, performed that ceremony. Nearly all the clergy of the diocese were present. Among them was the venerable Dr. Mansfield, then in the 93d year of his age. Dr. Croswell, the beloved, was installed rector. He had then been in the rectorship about a year. Among the vestrymen present then, who are to-day represented in Trinity, were Jonathan Ingalls, senior warden, and vestrymen Denison, Collis, Hughes, Jacobs, Kidston, and Shipman—names of precious memory. That day marked an era in the history of Episcopacy in Connecticut. Trinity Church was then a church at whose size men wondered. It was then the largest Gothic church in New England. Doubtless at that time said there never would be Episcopalian enough in New Haven to fill that church. How false were those prophets!

The dedication services occupied three days. Great crowds, for those days, gathered to attend the services. New Haven, at that time, numbered but about 7,000 inhabitants. Dedication being over, Rector Croswell was then left alone with his new parish. He was then in the prime of a vigorous manhood—man distinguished for untiring labor and great love of the work.

Dr. Harwood here divided the history of Trinity into three parts, viz., the years between 1816 and 1829, when the rector counted no Episcopalian but those in his flock; the years between 1829, when Trinity sent off a colony to found St. Paul's Chapel, now St. Paul's Church, and the year 1845; lastly, those between 1845 and the present time.

At the conclusion of this discourse, which was eminently scholarly and eloquent, the congregation raised among themselves, in a few minutes, the sum of \$2,622, to purchase a stained-glass charcoal-window for the church.

The celebration has been one of mark with the congregation and citizens of New Haven, and will not be soon forgotten.

NEW HAVEN COUNTY HOUSE AND JAIL.

We perpetuate in our columns one of the old buildings of New Haven, Connecticut, around which hangs many associations, which, though possibly not pleasant, are part and parcel of the history of the place.

The Old County House and Jail was built in 1800, and was, consequently, at the time of its pulling down, in 1861, just 61 years of age. During these years it has seen its share of misery and crime; poverty and guilt have alike shared its walls—the poor debtor and perhaps the rich criminal. In its classic shades were once imprisoned the Armistead negroes, those blacks who so awakened the sympathies of the New England Abolitionists as to make the question of their confinement or liberty almost a political fact upon which the affairs of the nation hung.

But the old jail has passed away, and with it the memories of all the scenes that have transpired within its walls will die, only such as the historian may rescue from oblivion remaining as a record. We are sure that all the world is willing, save only such as love to gloat over the shame and misery inside of prison-walls.

PAINS, PERILS AND PENALTIES OF BROADWAY.

New York has a police force of about 2,000 men, and we think we can venture to call them as good a police organization as there is in the world. Night and day, summer and winter, they are omnipresent, and a citizen or stranger cannot cry aloud for the space of 15 seconds anywhere within the limits of this great metropolis, in distress, but he will have one of these guardians of the law with him in an instant. And yet, with all this never-tiring watchfulness, how many hundred things that trench powerfully on comfort, and the sovereignty and health of the individual, transpire daily under the very eyes and noses of the guardians, which they do not see, or are powerless to prevent. How many petty crimes are committed for which there is no law and no redress. How many outrages upon decency, cleanliness, and good-nature, and what an utter repudiation of all the rules that govern the association of mankind!

Broadway, for instance: Let us suppose ourselves out for a walk upon the most brilliant thoroughfare in the world. We start from the lower part, possibly from Wall street. We know all the perils of the carriage, but by not having to cross, and keeping strictly to the side-walk, we are, of course, supposed to be free from all annoyance and danger. The thought is no sooner through our brain-pan, than crash comes something across our path. The first idea is that an omnibus has upset over the pave and a score or two of passengers are smashed. No such thing! It is simply one of our merchant princes—perhaps in the dry-goods line—who is getting in or getting out stock. A score or two of

huge boxes litter the pavement, and the small aperture that is left, scarce wide enough for a fearfully thin man to push through, is occupied by a cooper, grim and fierce, with an adze in one hand and a stout hickory pole in the other, and an Irish porter, with a defiant air and a dreadfully dirty suit of duds. In desperation you undertake to push by, and after a mighty struggle, and the reception of a few anathemas from these two gentlemen, you emerge beyond the boxes with one rent in the sleeve of your coat four inches angular, and about as much of mother-earth on your garments as will comfortably provide for half an hour's brushing. Bewailing the fortunes of war, you rush onward, to be caught under the chin by a peripatetic advertising gentleman, whose mission in life is to carry a board upon the end of a stick, which benevolently informs you that Dr. Sniggs will cure your corns for some ridiculously small sum of cash, and to always carry the said board sufficiently low to catch innocent pedestrians on some part of the countenance. No sooner are you released from the embraces of the board, than you are aware of considerable dust being raised, and before investigation can be made, you find your broadcloth suit, or velvet cloak, as the case may be, covered with coal ashes. An enterprising German gentleman, who is extensively engaged in the general chiffonier line, is stirring industriously in a box of ashes that has been set upon the sidewalk. With a delightful disregard of the passers-by, he, with the aid of the wind, very soon manages to cover every one that comes in that neighborhood with the exquisite powder. They may swear and cough and brush, but the old Teuton is impervious, and until he finds that bit of bone, and the rag scraps, value 1/2 of one cent, he will scratch in those ashes, ever though he scratches thunder out of them.

Then comes the score or two of minor evils, such as boot-blacks, who have such an inordinate passion for shining up your boots, as to throw themselves and their boxes before your progress, as victims fall before the car of Juggernaut, bringing you up all standing, or flooring you practically at once.

Then there is the couple, or the trio and more, who have a way of stopping for a gossip, and striking attitudes in the centre of the pave, stopping in one bold stroke the whole line of travel.

Then there are the one-horse gamblers, and ringers-in for gambling-houses, who stand upon the street-corners or hotel-stoops, and put the smoke of bad cigars in your face, or make some impudent remark about your lady, if you happen to be walking with one.

Then comes the craze and tumult at the crossings, the collision of omnibus and street car, the curses and lashings of drivers, the howling of dogs, the insouciance of policemen, and the general upsetting of events.

Ah! Broadway is a wonderful street, and an unwritten history. Broadway is a great poem, but will remain an unversified one, defying pen, ink and paper in its eccentric rhythm. In all the minutes, through all the day, there is an incident happening in Broadway that makes or mars a life, and in all the seconds an annoyance that disturbs a temper and spoils comfort. Oh! for that perfect promenade which we fear will only be found at the Millennium or in Heaven.

THE PAINS AND PERILS OF THE SEA.

THOSE who go down to the sea in ships can only know the perils of the great deep. Poets and painters have tried to make us believe that Jack becomes used to the winds and waves, and in moments of the most intense danger only looks upon it all as a mere matter of course, or that he says, as in the old song—

"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill—
Lord! don't ye hear it roar now?
Why, bless me, how I pity all
Unhappy chaps ashore now!"

But we fail to see the matter in that light, and cannot but believe that the plowers of the mighty deep never do get used to the hardships and perils, any more than we do get used to skinning.

The storms of the summer-time are often fearful—an African norther, for instance, when the ship in the midst of it, at night, seems to plunge through one mass of living fire, but the real peril and hardship is in the winter, when ice forms upon rigging and deck, when snow falls in a blinding profusion, or the fearfully bitter north wind howls and shrieks through and about the ship like a legion of fiends. That is the time that tries the mariner and tries the ship, and if, under its terrible influence, the seaman's courage fails, and benumbed and sodden with wet, he gives up and sees the ship founder, no word of condemnation can be used. The struggle is one of life and death, and death has won.

The past winter—we think it can be called past by this time—has been one of especial peril and hardship on the sea. Fine ships have gone down by scores, and a hecatomb of lives have paid the forfeit of daring the great deep. Our along-shore commerce has especially suffered by the intense cold, and fishermen have secured their prizes only with great labor and danger.

The rivers have been choked with ice, and many a fine vessel has been cut through and sunk by the floating masses. The ice-boats, which in average years have found little difficulty in forcing their way to encompass their duty, this year find that it is a perilous and tedious business.

The pilots, who are never daunted by any weather or any danger, have faced the music all through, and in the very bitterest days their little craft may be found far outside of Sandy Hook, seeking—not whom they may devour, but—whom they may succor, a labor that can only be appreciated when it is understood that it is voluntary. The most notable instance that has occurred this winter, in which these noble men acted a noble part, was the rescue of the passengers of the steamer Mary Boardman, wrecked upon the Roman Shoals. This was done at great and imminent peril to the pilots, but was in the highest degree successful, every one of the passengers being rescued through a terrific sea and intense cold.

No description can recall the horrors of the wreck, the hardships and deadly danger of those who go with their lives in their hands to navigate the sea. It is not a matter of an hour or a day, and a month's tranquility afterward, as in the life of a soldier, but a constant knowledge that but a single moment lies between the sailor and death. If, when coupled with this coming labor, hardship, deprivation of food, and exposure to the elements, it is hard to realize that any should choose a mariner's life as a profession, and not only choose it, but be sufficiently infatuated with it, to give up comfortable homes and profitable employment to follow it.

HERE IS AN ANECDOTE OF THE COURT OF SPAIN.—A short time before O'Donnell's departure for the scene of war, the queen gave a state dinner, when, with a low bow, she said the following words: "General! My heart is waiting impatiently for the news of the victories which thou wilt gain; thou soon, with fresh laurels, will return to us. How happy I should feel if I could command the valiant army that with so much impatience is awaiting thy arrival. Oh! how deeply I regret that I am not a man!" The queen was overcome by emotion. She was silent; and while all the others were waiting until she could recover and go on with her speech, the deep silence was suddenly broken by a soft, trembling voice, which cried: "Oh! I also!" It was the king who had spoken.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

ONE of the most conscientious Dutchmen ever known, was porter in a commission house in Cincinnati, and sometimes sold some of the merchandise when the proprietors were absent. He was a good salesman, and a pretty good judge of money, but in one of his sales he took in a very suspicious-looking \$5 bill, and when the book-keeper took it to the bank, the bank refused it, and pronounced it spurious, but said it was an excellent imitation. The book-keeper returned it to the porter, and told him to return it to the party of whom he received it. About a week afterward, the book-keeper, thinking he had time to see the party and get another note, asked the porter if he had returned the spurious "\$5."

"Well," he said, "dat man vot gave me dat bill, he didn't come around already, and some days I tink de bill vas good, and some days I tink it vas bad; so one of dem days vot I tink it vas good, I passed him out!"

A TRAVELER relates an incident which he witnessed recently while waiting in the cars near this city. In front of him was a gentleman who indulged in rhyming. He asked a young lady sitting near him, if she would like to read his last production. Relying in the affirmative, he pulled a paper from his pocket, and placed it in her hand. But the lady had scarcely commenced reading, when the poet exclaimed:

"ounds, madam, I have given you the wrong manuscript. Here is the right one. That is a recipe for the cure of diarrhoea!"

The lady's embarrassment, and the mirth of the spectators may be more readily imagined than described.

ON one of the occasions when Lord Palmerston was returned as a member for Tiverton, a radical butcher, of the name of Bowcliffe, attracted the attention of the crowd at hustings, by calling out in stentorian tones:

"My Lord, I want to ask you a plain, straightforward question."

"My good friend Bowcliffe," was the reply, "I will give you a plain, straightforward answer."

"Friend Bowcliffe, I—will—not—tell—you!"

Roars of laughter, and immediate collapse of the butcher.

LITTLE Ella is about four years old. One day she committed an act of disobedience, and her mother, in correcting her, spoke in no gentle tone of voice; the child threw her arms around her mother's neck and exclaimed:

"Dear mamma, pray forgive me! If I had known how spanky it would have made you, I wouldn't have done so."

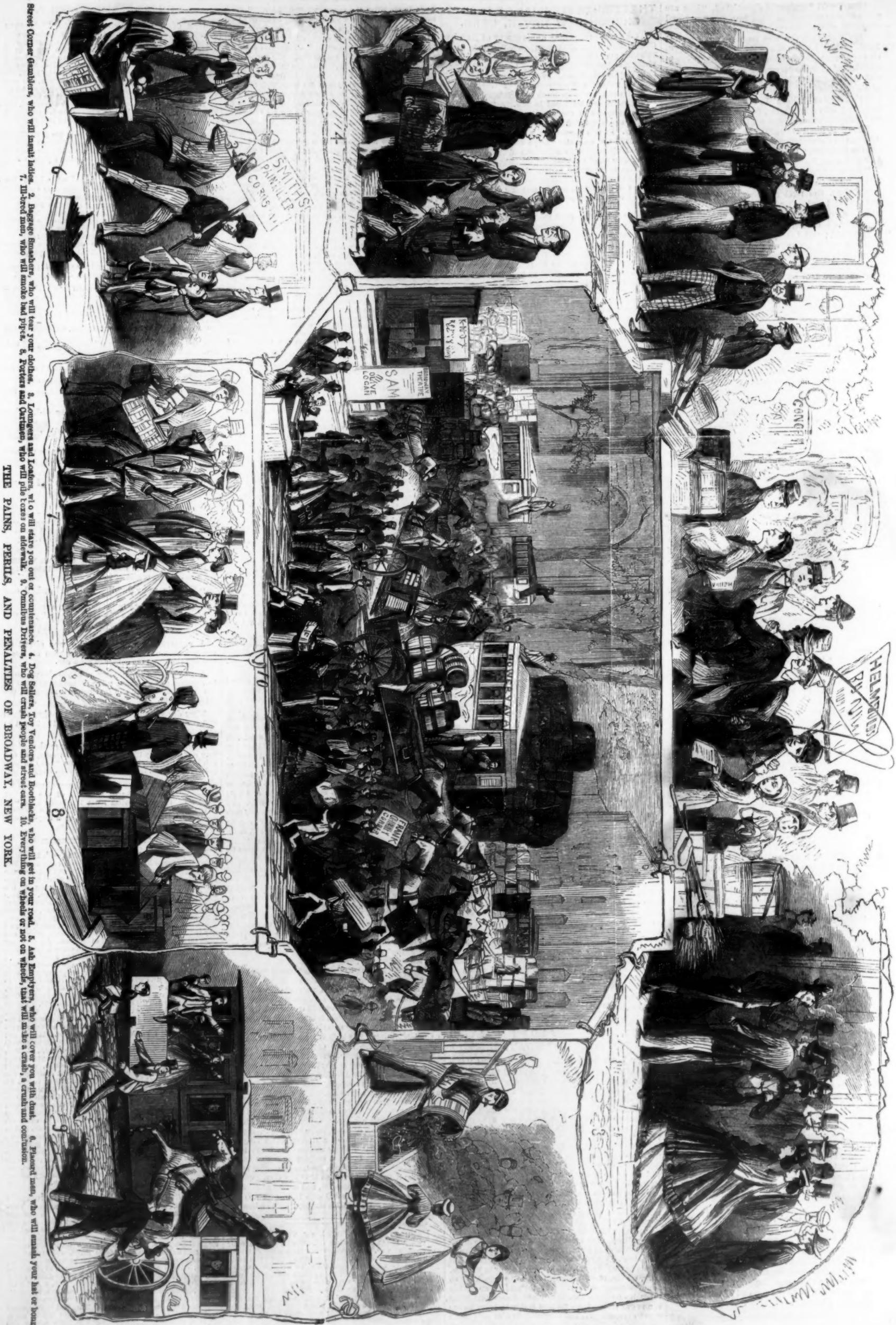
"Mamma, if I am good I shall go to heaven,shan't I?"

"Yes, love."

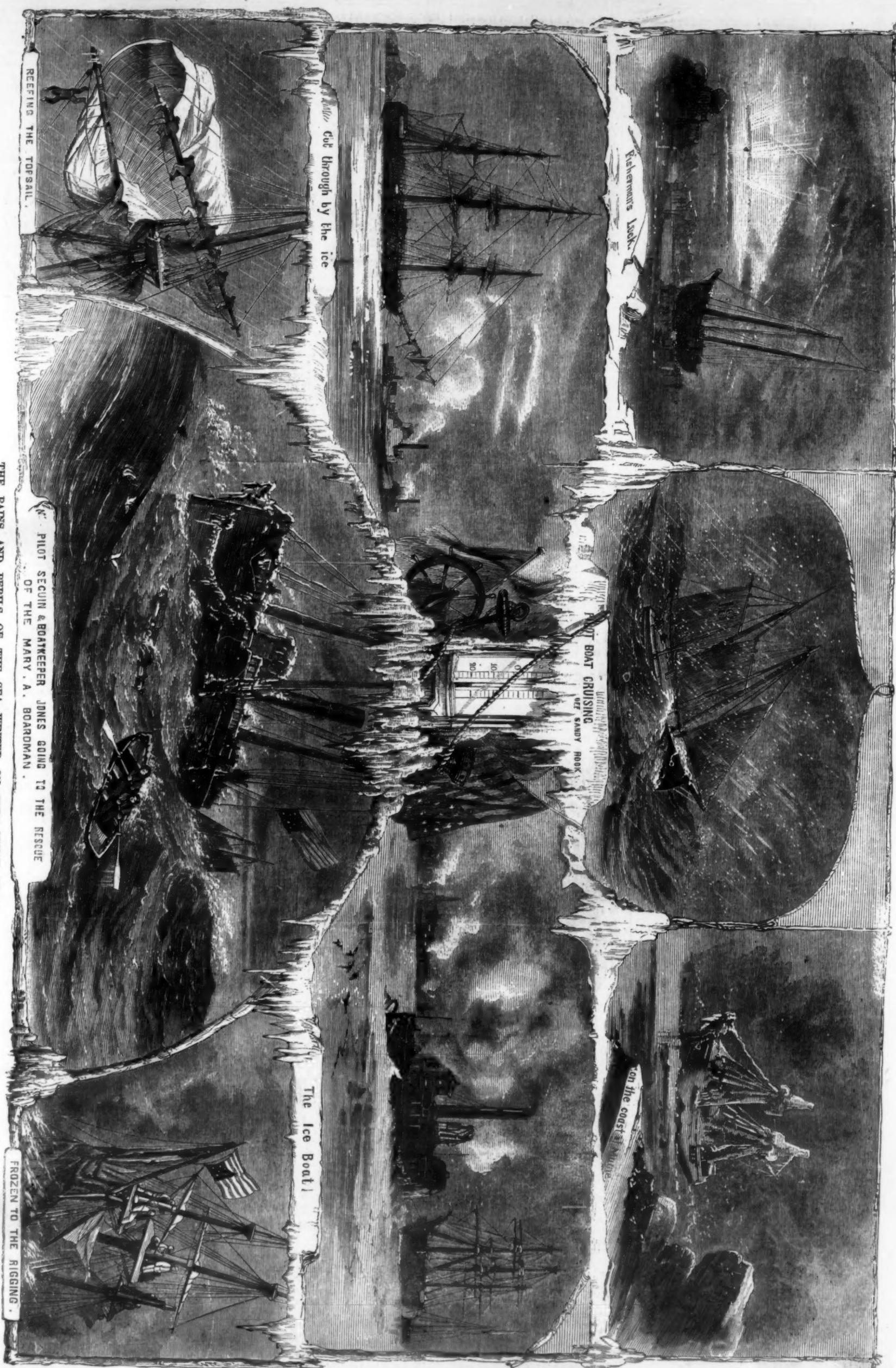
"And who will be there besides?"

"Angels—dear, beautiful, good angels."

1. Street Corner Gamblers, who will insult ladies. 2. Baggage Binders, who will tear your clothes. 3. Loungers and Loafers, who will stare you out of countenance. 4. Dog Sellers, Toy Vendors and Bootblacks, who will get in your road. 5. Ash Emplijers, who will cover you with dust. 6. Flavored men, who will smash your hat or bonnet. 7. Ill-used man, who will smoke bad pipes. 8. Porters and Cartmen, who will pile boxes on sidewalk. 9. Omnibus Drivers, who will make a crash, a crush and confusion.



THE PAINS, PERILS, AND PENALTIES OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



PARTED.

BY J. B. SWETT.

I LOVED him well, but a lying tongue
Hardened against him my heart;
And yet, worlds of suffering to me hung
On the moment we came to part.

I sent him his letters, and asked for mine—
(We were many miles apart),
And he sent them all, saying, "Dearest, thy shrine
I leave with a broken heart."

Oh! could I have known then how guiltless his
breast
Was of charges of wrong he bore,
I soon would have placed his crushed heart at rest,
And told him the whole thing o'er.

But no; he was proud, and he scorned to speak
Of his innocence, even to me;
He thought 'twas enough, if my love was so weak
As to doubt, he would let me go free.

And now I'm alone, and my heart's bereft;
And I breathe with deep drawn sighs;
But the flat's pass'd—my lover has left,
And hot tears are filling my eyes.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXI.—LIFE IN ANOTHER'S HANDS.

It is an awful thing to feel one's life is in the hands of another. To Clarissa it was scarcely less awful to feel that another's life was probably in her hands. The thinking of it, while trying to shape out some practicable course for the talk that must presently begin, gave a sadder sweet-sense to her smile, a yearning, spiritual look to her eyes, a strange and delicious tenderness to her her tones.

Sleuth reveled in all. He snatched a fearful joy out of his own danger. At times he seemed to start in his thought, as though an earthquake had caused the ground to yawn at his feet—but it was for a moment only: the gulf seemed somehow to disappear, the solid ground to re-appear, and to glow with flowers like a meadow in early June.

Never before had anything approaching to such intimate personal relations occurred between them. On the contrary, it was the sense of the contrast with the past that gave the present its most subtle charm. Clarissa had intentionally kept him at arm's length, not really treating him as a friend of her own, but only as a man whom her father received to his intimacy, and who was, therefore, entitled to her careful respect.

But it was not in Sleuth's nature to enjoy this position secretly, and make no outward sign. It stimulated his besetting vices—envy of Anthony, and conceit in himself to new and absurd ventures. And thus, before he had said a word, there appeared a something in his manner and countenance that gave Clarissa a most abrupt shock, and warned her that he evidently was not in the least understanding his own danger or the source of her interest.

The formal gravity of her demeanor from that moment drew Sleuth down from the air and from the castle-building in which he had indulged. Her words were equally menacing:

"I—I have something to say to you, which I hoped you would have anticipated. I wish now to show the friendship we spoke of—the gratitude for that which you have done. It is you who are in danger!" She put her hand on his and leaned a little forward as she said this, looking intently in his face.

Sleuth stared, smiled, and changed color.

"Miss Pompeass! I? You jest!"

"Heed me! heed me! heed me! before it is too late. It is for this I have staid—for this only." "But not for this you came?" demanded Sleuth, with a look Clarissa found it impossible to understand.

"Yes, for this, too, in part, I came!"

"Miss Pompeass, you are truth itself, and cannot be untrue. Thank you. Since you acknowledge another reason, may I guess what it is?"

"Is it not obvious?" asked Clarissa, fearlessly challenging his gaze.

"It is! You are right. So Phyllis's release means not only Mr. Maude's safety, but my danger, does it?"

"I cannot answer questions except with my heart."

"Forgive me if I seem disturbed by your previous words, and unable for the instant (ungrateful man that I am) to respond to kind feelings. If your words mean anything—and I have ever found only too much meaning for my peace in all Miss Pompeass says—you now mean that I am an object of suspicion in connection with—with the death of my uncle. I can smile even at that—ay, even while my heart bleeds to know who it is suggests the terrible thought. But I shall so act that the whole world may see and fear nothing but the concealment of the truth."

"Then we can have no quarrel."

"Quarrel! Oh, withdraw the word, Clarissa—I may not call you so!"

"If you please," said Clarissa, after a troubled pause.

Then he went on:

"Quarrel! Do you forget so soon what I have so lately told you, that you already wonder that I desire to acquit myself in your eyes?"

Then there was a little pause, full, for both, of dreadful suspense—each waiting for the other to begin, and each shrinking from doing what each had to do, in the hope of some yet unknown solution being suddenly discovered.

"You must think me very inconsistent," Clarissa said, at last, pity for Sleuth once more nervous her to speak, "that I, who said just now what

I did, should also say, 'Oh, that this trial might never, never take place!'"

"Perhaps I can echo that wish, in your own sense," said Sleuth, speaking very deliberately.

"Mr. Maude will be examined for the last time to-morrow, and then be committed for trial unless—"

Sleuth waited for the rest of the sentence, but as it did not come, he ventured to look at her.

"Unless," said she, in low, penetrating tones, her eye fixed on Sleuth's eye, and her hand firmly grasping his where it lay on the table, "unless you say that which you alone can say for him."

Sleuth started to his feet, half in emotion, half in anger, which he managed, however, to repress so strongly, that it only gave a peculiar ring to his voice.

"Miss Pompeass, I would give every shilling I possess to be able to say one effectual word for my cousin, but I cannot. Am I too harsh if I say you must know I cannot?"

"I know you can," said Clarissa, also rising, and with a heightened color in her cheeks.

Sleuth gazed on her boldly and incredulously for an instant, then with a cry as of wonder or of outrage, shook his hand in the air, and began to pace excitedly to and fro.

Seeing this, Clarissa seated herself, and waited.

Recovering from his agitation, and aware Clarissa, though silent, was waiting and watching, Sleuth said suddenly to her, from the further end of the room:

"And may I ask how it is supposed I could aid my cousin Anthony?"

"Ah, yes! There is but one thing now," (Sleuth noticed the now, and thought to himself he understood its meaning: Phyllis had cleared up all the rest.) "And that you alone can solve."

Sleuth would question no further. He dared not. He felt he was about to save or ruin all. And conscious he had to grope in the dark, knowing not where or in what shape his deadly enemy waited for him, he determined to be silent and to watch.

"The codicil!" said Clarissa. "How did that get into Anthony's desk? How did the writing get to the back of it?"

"You wish me to answer?"

"I do."

"Truly?"

"Truly as you must answer some day, if not now."

"Is this a threat?"

"Threat?" Clarissa could not control the tears that now rushed forth, to find him so persistently refuse to understand and respond to her secret hope.

"Oh, Miss Pompeass, what am I to do—what say?"

If I speak as an innocent man must speak—even to the woman he adores, when she asks him such questions, he seems, even to his own eyes, brutal. If he forgets what she says, to think of her, of course he is at once proved guilty. Is this just?"

"I cannot reason with you; but I can feel. Oh, if you will but let me! This codicil! Anthony knew nothing of it till that day of its discovery. I know he did not. You know it, too. I know that you know it! I entreat you to believe me, and to shun questions and contests that both alike ought to desire should never be risked."

She knew! What could she mean? She was incapable of trickery. What did she know? Was Bob treacherous? Or had Sleuth's busy night in London—or at home, after his return—had that busy night of preparation for the concealment of the codicil been discovered? Or, again, was it Polly Garton who had told of the anonymous letter? Or was it the man who had made the drawer? No, no. It must be merely Anthony's own suspicion, arising out of his coming upon him at the close of that night's work, when he had solaced himself by a perusal of the codicil? Stay! there was yet another clue to her words: the burglars had told the governor of Hengsten Jail of the paper they had given to Bob, who said he had made light of it, but notwithstanding, the fact might have gone to Mr. Stamp. Oh, the whole thing was clear, and sufficiently dangerous! even though he was prepared, and could yet deal with the difficulty.

Yet mistakes would be perilous. If they had possession of some fact, which he supposed them to be ignorant of, it might be fatal to him not to own and explain it, before they could use it to his injury.

Besides, he saw, beyond all question, in Clarissa's attitude and words, a desire to avoid pain for him. It was as if she were putting herself mentally into his position; and, while unable to say so in plain words, yearning for him to understand it, and to help her to come to conclusions without seeming to recognize the intervening gulf.

Anyhow, he must break up this position of incertitude in which he found himself, by trying to make her shift the ground with him. So he said, abruptly, and yet with a tone that seemed to imply he was only responding to her appeal:

"Remember—and it is a thing I never for a moment forget—that if Anthony be found guilty, such a verdict not only does not make him guilty, but it does not prevent his friends from doing something effectual still to save him."

Clarissa looked at him with eyes so full of horror and suspicion, as she realized the entire force of his words, that he, with some tremulousness of voice, hastened to add:

"He will not be found guilty—he cannot. His assurances to me in the prison compel me to believe him innocent."

"Man, man, dare you tell me now you do not know he is innocent? Stay! Beware! There is a point you may go to, at which I cannot and will not follow you. Beware of that. Oh, I charge you, have pity on yourself ere it be too late!"

Sleuth tried to speak—tried to look, with earnest calmness, in her face, but the effort was beyond him. The something in those brilliant, sparkling, indignant, yet pleading eyes, seemed to act upon his faltering purposes, as the sudden, blinding

lightning-flashes act upon a man, who, in a perilous pass, is at the very same moment made aware that there is scarcely a sound yard of ground to stand still upon or to advance over.

She saw her advantage, and pursued it. She went to the window, whether he had gone in a kind of affection of curiosity that did not impose upon himself by the idea of its success, and she said to him:

"Once, again, I ask you to listen to me as to a friend. Oh, it may be—I fear it must be—for the last time, I think you still misunderstand, if not your danger, then me. You cannot believe in me, in my devotion, in my courage to go through with that which I might undertake. But you wrong me, I declare to you; and if my words do not convince you, let these foolish, foolish tears, which I would conceal from you, if I could, be my pledge. You are unhappy. Why refuse, then, a voice that offers comfort? You think I speak only for Anthony. Sleuth, if there be any form of language in which the true heart of a woman can speak to your heart, oh, find it for me, while I say I have now no fear for Anthony, my fear and my hope relate to you."

Sleuth leaned his arm upon the table, dropped his head, and felt he was dropping into ruin, but that, somehow, it was Clarissa who led him, and who would yet say sweet things to soothe the anguish of ruin; and, anyhow—ruin or salvation, contest or surrender—he must have one moment of abandonment to his miseries, with the conviction that Clarissa was by, and interested in his fate.

And then, again, the mad fancy possessed him that, after all, it was unlucky circumstance, not Anthony's merits or behavior, that had given him a kind of right to Clarissa's love. He seemed to understand that Clarissa's loyalty of character would then keep her, in her own belief, true to him; and yet, that if Sleuth dared all, and used his every danger, and Anthony's danger, as an instrument over her, there might be hope of a wonderful solution.

He lifted his head, and said:

"You wonder at me, perhaps, and even misconceive all this. It is because I cannot convince you. Let me try, then, whether you can convince me. I invite you to speak more freely. Think what you will of me, and, for the moment, at least, I will patiently bear, while I wait to hear your reply to my question. How will you prove this feeling for me. What will you do?"

"Do! I scarcely know the things I will not do, if I may save alike you and Anthony."

"It is easily said," observed Sleuth, with a melancholy gesture of his head.

"Try me. I do not fear to promise you, beforehand, I will do with all my heart, and soul, and strength, whatever you can now ask me!"

Sleuth gazed on her wonderingly, but dared not speak.

"Shall I speak to you, since you will not speak to me?" Clarissa asked, sinking her voice to a whisper.

Sleuth's lips moved, as if he said "Yes;" but she heard nothing, she only saw the movement of his thin, straight lips.

"Convert into money whatever you can of your present possessions. Write me a few words—I will not show them to one living person till the day and the hour you fix—then fly! There are other lands. There is a future yet in which to undo the past."

"You mean—"

"No; I do not mean all or half that my words imply. I cannot—will not try to estimate accurately the amount or character of your doings in that past. I only know that for you, of all the world, it is desirable that the past should sink into oblivion."

"Anthony thus repays me, I suppose, for my proposal to him?"

"I declare to you I never, till this moment, knew or suspected you had given him any such advice."

"Do you know what I should do had any other living person said this to me?"

"No; nor do I want to know. You have done one thing to-day—I own it to you—which will make me ever grateful. You have, I think, decided Anthony's safety. But now I plead to you for one whom misfortune makes dear to me: Sleuth, my dear friend, I plead to you for your self."

"You advise me to go—to seek a foreign clime. I have not now one friend in the world—unless it be you. Will you go with me? Will you save Anthony at that price? Will you save me by promising to make your life-long slave?"

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had been removed to the doctor's, and how he had watched till he had discovered the very room where she was, up-stairs, and which was either the same as Miss Pompee's bedroom, or one adjoining it—probably opening out of it.

"Very well. That must do for the present. Now for another matter. While I wish to save myself from the unpleasantness of a discussion about my private quarrel with this young lady, I am scarcely less anxious about the fate of my cousin. I am going to confide to you a secret. I advised him to fly, and offered my assistance, and said I would, if driven to do it, boldly avow my action. But he and I are not very good friends. He refuses to listen to me."

"A thousand pities, sir, ain't it?"

"I think so. I mention it to you in order that, if you saw a chance, you might offer your help. I will meddle no further than this. I have provided this key at some risk and difficulty—a thing quite impracticable but for my position as a visiting justice of the prison. It is an exact pattern of the governor's own master-key, and opens every important door in the place. Now, if you were to consult with that fellow Bob, I think, perhaps, he'd manage somehow or other—in spite of his noisy chatter about the alderman's memory—to get the key into Mr. Anthony Maude's possession; and then I should wipe my hands of his fate, and say it all rested with himself. I know I ought not to do this; but kinmen's blood overpowers magisterial duty. I know he is in awful danger; I don't know he is guilty. And, as I said to him, were he to fly and secure time for fresh discoveries to be made, the whole truth might yet be discovered, and he be completely exonerated. You see how I confide in you."

"You may, sir. I esteem myself very fortunate that you are inclined to do so. I will see Bob—"

"Ay, but not so as to commit me!"

"Sir, I'll take care I won't even, to begin with, commit myself. And yet he shall have the key, with a hint as to its use."

"He'll need no more."

* * * * *

The discreet butler has left him, and Sleuth is reading his newspaper for the day, and trying to shut out for a few minutes the terrible mob of thoughts that oppress his brain, by a theatrical criticism of Miss O'Neil's Juliet, when a word catches his eye in an adjoining column, and his brain seems to literally flame with the sudden heat, and to light up the page. This is what he reads:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD is offered for the discovery of the writer (who is believed herself to be innocent of any evil intention) of an anonymous letter, sent in 1816 to Dr. Pompee, of Edington Hall. Any person aiding and assisting to clear up this matter, will be well rewarded. Communications to be addressed to Messrs. Stamp & Co., Solicitors, Hengston."

Sleuth's first impulse on reading this was to run to a sideboard, where lay a bundle of other recent newspapers, to glance over them, and then to exclaim:

"Of course! of course! There it is a week ago, and I never saw it! Too late now, no doubt!"

Two hours after the discovery of this document, Sleuth appears at Polly Garton's door, and asks the landlady if she is up-stairs.

"No, sir; she's out," said the old woman.

"Will she be long? Have you any idea where she is?"

"She did say something—I didn't mind her much—something about a holiday—and she asked me the best way of going to Hengston."

"How long since?"

"Oh, that was early this morning."

"Then, perhaps, it is almost time for her to return?"

"Well, I don't know. Poor thing! She don't often take a holiday. So, perhaps, she may be late. Would you like to wait?"

"Yes, yes. I must see her to-night."

Sleuth looked at his watch. Five o'clock. He sat down, and grimly contemplated this new danger. Six o'clock came. He grew anxious, but comforted himself with the reflection that he could and would obtain greater influence over her than it was possible for Anthony's advisers to exercise. Seven o'clock! Would they? He hardly dared to complete his own mental sentence. Twenty more minutes, each of fearful length and significance, passed, and then there was a knock that brought back the blood to Sleuth's cheeks and hope to his soul.

The door opened, and not Polly Garton, but a man entered. Sleuth shrank back instantly, divining what was about to happen, and striving not to add new danger through his own visible presence at the place.

"I coom, if you please mem, from Hengston. A lady at Lawyer Stamp's sent me to say, as how she's goin' to see some friends, and she gives up her lodgin', and I'm to pay the rent: one shilling left on last week, and two shillings and sixpence for this week, and two shillings and sixpence for another week, as she ain't a given you proper notice."

"And will you take her things?"

"Yes, if you please—that's what she said."

Sleuth waited to see the man off, in order to make sure that no questions were asked about himself, and then went out into the London streets—calm enough, as far as the exterior went, but enduring within tortures that no legal punishment could really enhance.

* * * * *

The moonlight was falling in soft splendor on the high walls and the iron *chevaux-de-frise* of Hengston Prison, thus making the latter give a kind of luminous and ornamental finish to the long, blank, and monotonous range of brickwork below, where a crouching and bulky-looking human figure slunk along the base, where there was a deep strip of shadow, caused by the position of a long brick-kiln opposite, which partly intercepted the moon's light,

He often paused and leaned his back, as if it

ached with the stooping posture, against the wall, and thus rested and listened. Then, after a time, he bent again to his task, and advanced, till he reached the furthest point at which the shadow cast by the brick-kiln extended. Then he made a longer pause, as if he did not wish to emerge into the full light, and even began to retrace his steps. Not far, however. He stopped, listened as before, but for a still longer time; then, as if satisfied, he drew from his pocket a ball of twine, and unwound it with great care, in a short circular heap, letting the twine drop as lightly as possible, so that it might not get entangled.

When he had reached the end, he felt about for a stone, not looking on the ground while he did so, but to see that no one was nigh. Having got one to his mind, he tied the twine round it two or three times, using his teeth to fasten the knot, and testing, after each tie, if the string would leave the stone on being pulled, and at first he failed. But he got it to his mind at last, and then stood erect, and prepared to throw.

But he was too near. There was no help for it. He moved a yard or two out into the light, and then discharged his sling. It fell short, and dropped to the ground. Again he tried, and he heard the dull sound of the twine-covered stone against the top of the wall, inside the *chevaux-de-frise*. He pulled—the iron-work revolved, and the stone came back right upon his very head, and produced an exclamation that it is quite necessary for us to omit particularizing.

"Made sure it was too rusty to serve a fellow like that!" he muttered.

Winding up his string, to prevent its getting entangled, he moved a few yards farther and repeated the experiment, and with entire success. The iron-work did not revolve when the string was pulled. Gently, then, Bob pulled away, till he felt the stone dangling close to the bar across which the string lay, then he let it suddenly down with a run. The instant slackening of the string told him the stone was just where he did not want it—resting on the wall. Several attempts produced only the same result. But at last the string remained tight, the stone was sinking. Within or without? For a little time Bob could not discover. But at last he heard and then he saw that the stone was where he desired it, outside the wall, and presently came to his eager hand.

Putting it on the ground, after feeling carefully to be sure that the other end of the string was safe tied to the button-hole of his coat, he threw off a loose overcoat, and began to unwind from his body a seemingly tangled coil of knotted ropes, but which eventually proved to be a rope-ladder.

When he had arranged this to his mind, he drew forth another ball of string, much stronger than the former, and it was but the work of a minute to tie this to the end of the thin twine that he released from his button-hole, and then gently to draw up across the *chevaux-de-frise* and down again a piece of cord capable of bearing the rope-ladder. The latter was soon in place, for it caught by the hooks that were fastened to a stout stick that kept the top distended a few inches wide, and remained immovable when Bob had tried his whole weight upon it, in a rather rude fashion, two or three times. After another pause for listening, he began to ascend, and though he bruised fingers and knees in the process, he got to the top, and then felt, for the first time in his life, abashed at the exposure, for there he was in the broad, full moonlight, a mark for every eye that might happen to turn in his direction.

But Bob had not been paying a daily visit to his friend the porter, to chat over the progress of the great trial, for nothing. He had managed during the gossip to learn, among other useful facts, that at the point where he was breaking into prison, there was no window or opening of any kind, for the spot formed a little enclosed yard, with straggling grass, where the governor's pony now grazed, and which, after a run or two in alarm of Bob's proceedings, seemed to think better of it, and began to feed once more.

Bob took care, before descending by the ladder on the other side, to insure its safety on the iron-work, revolve or not revolve, and then slid lightly to the ground, when he had got half-way.

"Door on left out of this to the guv'nor's back premises; door right of this door to wash-house; then 'ware the guv'nor and family, while I explore the way to the werry first corridor he walks into when he visits his flock. Then second door on the left, and there you are! That's the lesson as Mr. Sleuth has made me learn so well, and so far I ain't no fault to find with his knowledge of his purfession. A break, I 'spose, looks on a prison as a sort of private game-preserve for his edification and amusement. All right. Now for the key."

Thus ran the thoughts through Bob's mind, as he slowly searched for the door of this enclosure, which he found on the left. He then found that the skill or knowledge that had been at work to supply him with keys had made no mistakes. The bolt was instantly shot, and the door opened, and—

Instantly drawn back again—for Bob heard a laugh, and caught the gleam of a candle, and the opening or closing of a shutter. He hesitated, and felt strongly tempted to run back to his ladder while there might yet be time; but, while he hesitated, the sounds died away, the light disappeared, and Bob knew his movement of the door had not been noticed.

The scullery or wash-house was soon found; but the door was bolted inside, as well as locked, and the window—a narrow one—was the only available entrance. Bob climbed up and in, and then marveled a little at his own "cheek," as he called it—to stand there in the guv'nor's own premises, "unknown" to anybody.

Bob was but a coward when really tested; but, like many cowards, was fond of persuading himself he had a good deal of pluck. So, reminding

himself that, if things came to the worst, and they caught him, they couldn't do very much to him, he went forward with a sort of feeling that he was achieving something that would be narrated at certain places in London with immense enjoyment, and that he (Bob) would yet be a hero among the class who, at present, rather looked down upon him—the class to which Bob's acquaintances, Ikey Small and his pal Jack, belonged.

And, certainly, when, a few minutes later, Ikey Small—otherwise known, on account of a certain effeminacy of manner that by no means accompanied an effeminateness of disposition, as Betsy Baker—was roused from his first sleep on his straw pallet by the opening of a door, and he started half up and saw, by the moonlight that entered his cell, a man enter, with hand uplifted, and crying: "Sah!" he might very well have doubted his old idea of Bob's cowardliness and unwillingness to earn the share he was always so ready to claim after success had been achieved. "Sah! It's Bob! Old pal. Friend!"

"Bob? Bob the Ostler?" whispered Ikey, in low and wonder-stricken tones.

"All-right. Which on you is it? Jack?"

"No." The convict got up and advanced.

"I see. Gives us your bunch o' fives, old fellow."

"What for?"

"For venturing in where so many 'ud like to venture out, to tell you summut for your good."

"Ain't made much on you afore this," said Ikey, sullenly.

"More room for goodness now, as the parson saysa. Ikey, listen. They're stirring in that ore business of the halderman. And I wanted you to be up to what I was arter when I came to the guv'nor."

"How's that?"

"Why, o' course, my boy, I wouldn't have peched on you about the robbery, and then axed you to own it, if I hadn't known you see what I meant. Take care, my bully boys, about the murder."

"Well, I guessed that, and answered the guv'nor when he charged it upon me, just as I say."

"I know! I know! But they're raking up every bit of stuff they can get hold of, and will have it you and Jack settled the halderman's hash for him."

"It's a lie!"

"O' course it is. But you'll be axed about it, I shouldn't wonder, in court; and I say, Ikey, I hear noises—I must cut it short, or I'll get caught. This is what it comes to. Everybody knows it is either Mr. Anthony Maude, who is now in this werry jail, or you. So if he's found innocent, I'm blessed if you and Jack won't have to look out."

Ikey was evidently alarmed. His silence there, in the half light, half darkness of the midnight cell, was something appalling.

"Bob," he said, hoarsely, "is this on the square? May a fellow trust you?"

Bob's answer was a series of imprecations that seemed to thoroughly convince Ikey.

"Bob, can't you put me on the right lay?"

"That's it. That's what I'm here for. You shouldn't ha' mentioned that 'ere paper you guy me. A paper has been diskivered in this Mr. Maude's own private hiding-place, which makes it cock-sure he was up to queer games that werry night of the murder; but somehow he's got to know what you said to the guv'nor about the paper you guy me, and he swears now that it's that paper as was diskivered, and as you guy it to me, and I sold it to another gent—Mr. Sleuth—and that he slyly dropped it into Mr. Anthony's desk."

"Then it's this Sleuth," said Ikey, "as did the trick, was it?"

"He! Innocent as a new-born baby! There couldn't be a thing agin him, but for your unfotit remark about that 'ere paper."

"And is there much agin 'other man?"

"Enough to hang a dozen men. But that ain't your business nor mine. But what is yours and mine is just this 'ere. If Mr. Anthony Maude gets a verdict of 'Not Guilty,' he won't be many days arter he's a tryin it on agin you to get a verdict of 'Guilty.' He can't help himself. Everybody says it's one of you."

"But I told the guv'nor about the paper."

"Did you say it was signed?"

"No."

"Sure of Jack, too?"

"Yes; Jack and I got a word at chapel about it, and he hadn't said as much as me."

"All right. Let them get it out on ye quite unexpected like—no volunteering, mind—that you are quite sartin there were a name in the middle, but none at the bottom."

"I ain't going to be such a fool," was Ikey's response. "I know a trick worth two of that. I'll swear there was only the alderman's name; no witnesses, Bob. But then they must get it out of me; for I ain't lawyer enough to know—or, leastwise, to think about it—as witnesses are wanted; but I wasn't such a spooney as to set the guv'nor off a-looking after an unsigned codicil."

"All right! Mr. Sleuth's counsel'll manage to ax you the question. But Jack?"

"I'll prime him. You'd better be off."

"Ikey, I shall get a lot o' blunt if this chap is convicted; not, mind you, that it's me or you as'll convict him. Now, don't you go for to run your head agin that idea. Well, if I does get it, what can I do for you and Jack?"

"Send out to Botany Bay, fifty pounds apiece for us. That limb of the law who acted for us'll tell you how. He ain't a bad fellow. He'll suck a ten-pound note out on each share; but he'll send the rest all on the square."

"I'll do it the werry instant I gets the chance. I'm off. Lot's o' luck, if I never see you agin!"

"I 'spose you ain't game," suggested Ikey, "so stay here and let me go."

"And then you'd be hunted like a rat for the

murder; and if catched, there ain't no skill nor no money as 'ud get you off."

"Don't know about that," said Ikey. "But there's Jack, it might go hard with him. My going might fix the murder on him. Can't you get at him as you got at me?"

"Lord love you, no. The guv'nor took care o' that. He's got no end o' doors, and passages, and warders, between you and Jack. I ain't got the key, and I don't know the way."

There was a deep sigh, as if Ikey resigned with difficulty the new chance opened. But his thought of Jack's fate, to be hung through his escape, for a murder they never committed, was too much for him.

"Honor bright! You'll send us out the blunt?"

Bob asseverated, in his usual fashion, how strongly he felt on the subject, and no doubt, for once, there was a ring of truthfulness in his voice and words. He pitied his old pals, and he owned they were behaving very well, and so he didn't mind giving the promised slice out of his own abundance, when the reward should be obtained.

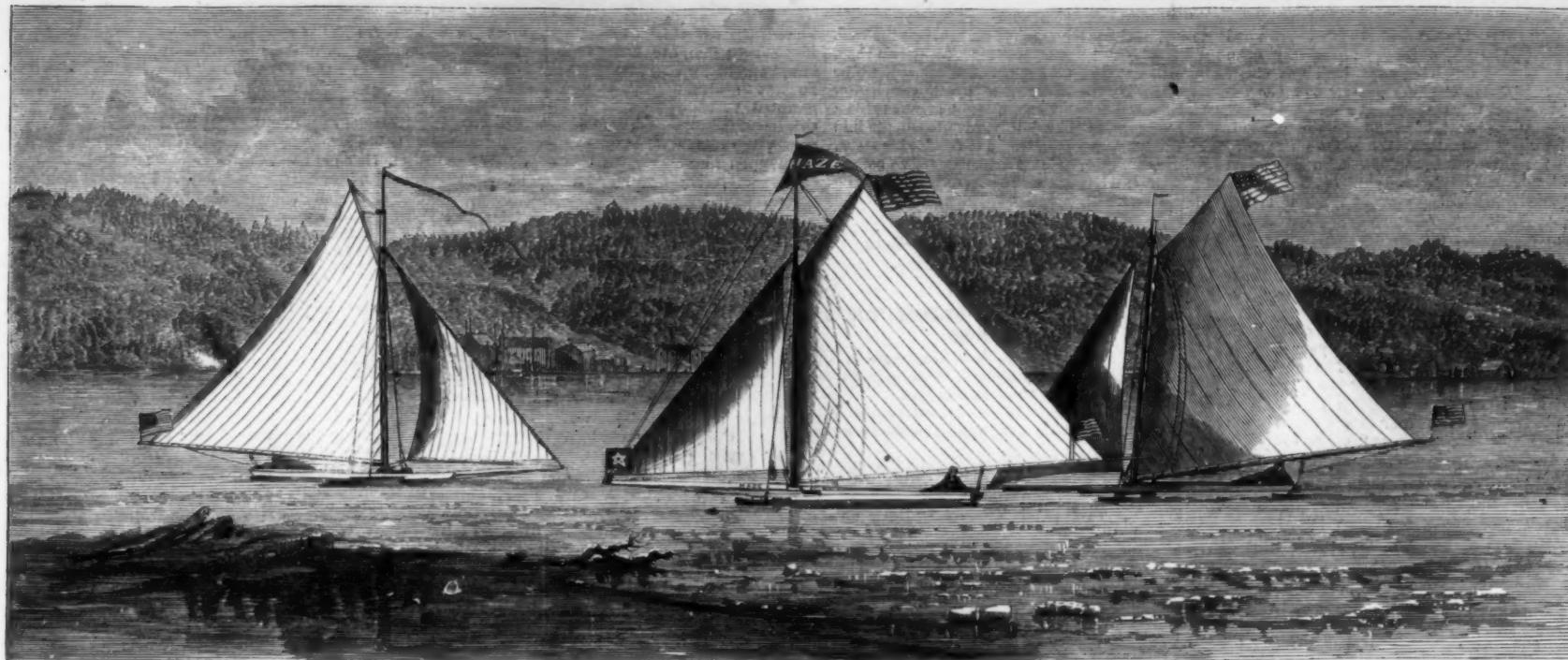
They shook hands in silence and parted—Bob, however, coming back on tip-toe to whisper, "if they catch me, don't you mind; stick to it you know nothing, heard nothing—didn't see me."

The passages had been dimly lighted as Bob entered the prison; but now were in utter darkness, except at certain points, which were intended to be kept in full display.

He passed all these, however, in safety, in spite of some alarming mistakes; then, when he had reached the last door—the one opening into the governor's private quarters—he found the key in the lock, turned as before, but the door would not open.

Bob's knees shook, and his fingers became suddenly unfit even to try the lock again. He stopped and wiped the cold sweat from his face with a rag that he carried in his pocket, and seemed to do it slowly, as if thinking or trying to persuade himself that he was thinking.

Would he get flogged? That was the one and only thing that oppressed Bob's imagination when he glanced at future contingencies. That was just the one thing he felt he could not bear. And yet expostulations might prove useless. He must try again.



THE GREAT ICE-BOAT EXPEDITION ON THE HUDSON RIVER, FROM POUGHKEEPSIE TO ALBANY, ON FEB. 16TH.—THE START.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SLEE BROS., POUGHKEEPSIE.

ICE-BOAT EXPEDITION FROM POUGHKEEPSIE TO ALBANY.

The long-talked-of and much-thought-of Ice-Boat Expedition from Albany to Poughkeepsie has been accomplished, and it was in every way a satisfactory one, if we may perhaps except speed. Ice-boats have of late years become numerous, there being over 100 of them on the Hudson River at the present time. The most of these are roughly-built, uncouth-looking crafts. At Poughkeepsie, however, can be seen ice-boats *par excellence*. Here over \$10,000 have already been expended on these vessels in endeavoring to bring them to perfection, which feat has been nearly accomplished by Mr. Aaron Innis, in the construction of his new and beautiful ice-boat, the Haze.

The weather was all that could be desired, and the ice was in first-rate condition, inducing the Commodore of the Poughkeepsie Ice-Boat Squadron to signal to the vessels of the fleet to get up sail. Three vessels responded—the Minnehaha, Snow-Flake, and Haze—the owners of the other vessels being absent.

As soon as all sails were set the vessels were put head to the wind, their sails flapping vigorously, while the commanders went ashore for orders from the Commodore, which orders were to the effect that all should start immediately for Albany, stopping at Rhinebeck, Tivoli, Athens, and Hudson. At 10 A. M., the Minnehaha, owned and sailed by Mr. T. V. Johnson, carrying a few invited guests, bore away before the wind and took the advance. She was followed some time after by the Snow-Flake, owned and sailed by Mr. Thomas Parish. This vessel also carried a few invited guests, including the Commodore of the fleet, Mr. O. H. Booth, his vessel, the Resolute, being left behind. The Haze, owned and sailed by Mr. Aaron Innis, sailed last, also carrying invited guests.

The condition of the ice was all that could be desired, and had the wind been "on the beam" instead of "aft," the time made would have been glorious. All the way from Poughkeepsie to Hudson the river was covered with one continuous sheet of smooth, glassy ice, and as the trim little vessels ran before the wind, the crinkling sound of their runners and the whistling of Old Boreas through the cordage, mingled joyously with the shouts of the occupants. There was no need of a "look-out" man to shout, "humps to the larboard" or "humps to the starboard," the whole course, for 40 miles or more, was unobstructed.



THE HAZE, THE SWIFTEST CRAFT IN THE GREAT ICE-BOAT EXPEDITION FROM POUGHKEEPSIE, HUDSON RIVER, FEB. 16.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SLEE BROS.

The running time to Rhinebeck was not extraordinary, it occupying over half an hour, in consequence of the wind not being "on the beam," as stated above. At that place the excursionists

went ashore and regaled themselves with refreshments, while the crowd about the depot and hotel talked "ice-boat" and lightning. Leaving Rhinebeck, not much time was consumed in getting to Tivoli, where another stop was made. From there it was resolved to go direct to Albany, opposite Hudson, all getting in at that point in good season, the Minnehaha in advance.

They soon reached the head-quarters of the Athens Ice-Boat Association, and as the Poughkeepsie boats "hove to" the members of that organization came out and greeted the Poughkeepsians warmly, taking them ashore andrefreshing them with all sorts of refreshments.

After the "ice-boat talk" was finished, the entire party crossed the river to Hudson, when the excursionists were provided with quarters at the Worth House, their vessels, in the meantime, lying on the ice, with sails down, there to remain until morning.

The next morning, Saturday, the fleet again got under way, and entered into a grand scrub-race for Albany, the Minnehaha leading off, followed closely by the Haze and Snow-Flake. The excitement on the three vessels was intense, each striving to reach the Sturgeon City first.

When within eight miles of Albany, the Snow-Flake ran on to some loose ice on the "Flats" and broke through, the concussion bringing her suddenly to a stand-still. A little further on the steering apparatus of the Haze became disarranged, and she, too, was compelled to stop.

The helmsman of the Minnehaha seeing the true state of affairs "put down stick," and running back, came up alongside of the disabled craft, giving them all the assistance possible, after which they all got away again, the Minnehaha reaching Albany first, followed closely by the other two boats.

The speed obtained was not extraordinary, on account of the unfavorableness of the wind. The running time to Albany from Poughkeepsie was a

little short of two and a half hours. The run from Athens to Coxsackie, nine miles, was made in seven minutes. The expedition was a novel one, and those who participated in it have something to talk about for a month.

The reception at Albany was all that could be desired. The members of the Beaverwyck Club took the Poughkeepsians in hand, and never were boys better received before. The President and Secretary of the Club, Messrs. Humphrey and Weed, did all in their power to render the brief stay of the voyagers a pleasant one.

The excursionists set out to return at 3 P. M. They were escorted to their boats by a large number of prominent Albanians, and after being towed about one mile over rough ice by horses, parting words were spoken, and, with a lively breeze, the vessels got away with lightning speed, and in a few moments Albany was invisible.

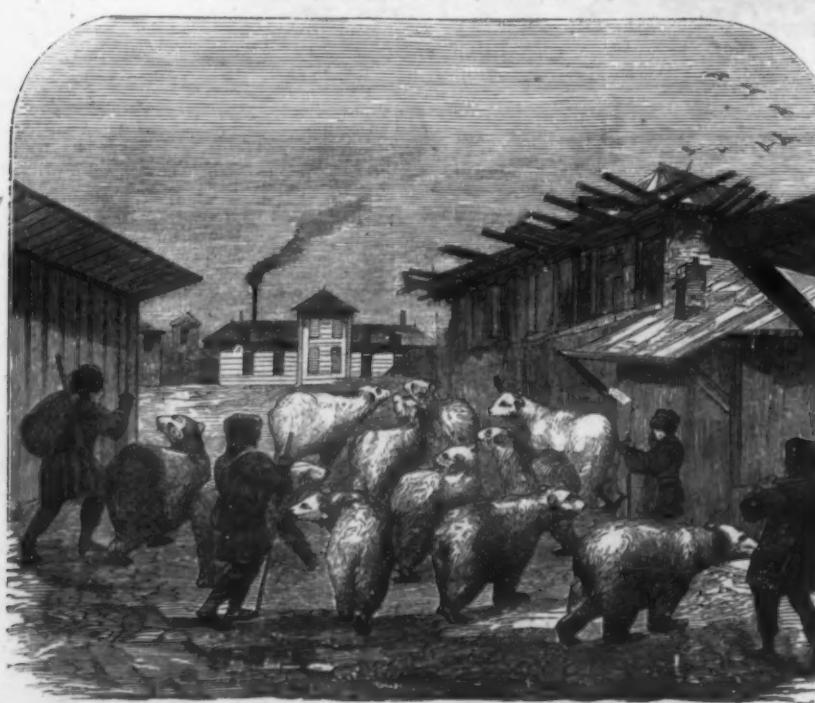
While the Haze was dashing along at the rate of more than a mile a minute, and when opposite Castleton, coming down, the gale was so heavy that her spar was carried away, completely disabling her, but not injuring any of the excursionists.

The Snow-Flake being about half a mile astern, sailed up alongside of the wreck, and taking the Haze in tow, proceeded to Stuyvesant, where the adventurers took the cars on the Hudson River Railroad for home, leaving the vessels to be brought down. The Minnehaha also met with an accident by the breaking of her runner-plank.

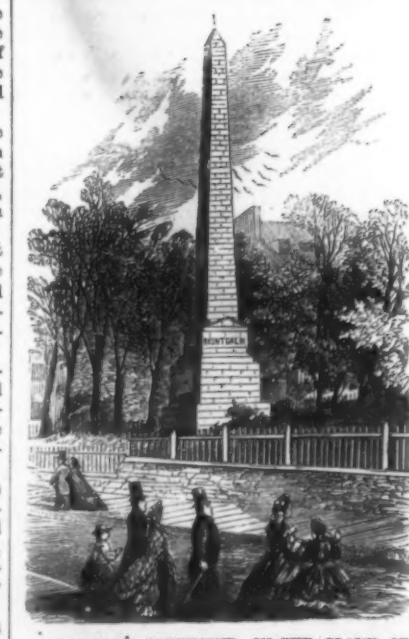
DRIVING BEARS TO MARKET.

A RECENT traveler in Russia gives us some strange sketches of places, character, and incidents on his route. He reaches the town of Berezov. The time is spring, and he looks upon it as an unlocking of a people from a prison-house of ice and snow. The whole town seemed to break out in one song of gladness, and the change within a week was so great as almost to make one doubt their senses. The sight of the first crow at Berezov is hailed with signs of the most extravagant demonstration; it tells of the coming warm weather, and is not doubted as are the swallows with us, when we feel that one does not make a summer.

The neighborhood of Berezov is famous for bears, and of them our traveler tells some queer stories. Of these brutes there are two kinds; the first a black bear, of which the people seem very much afraid, so much so that when one night the alarm was given that a black bear was in the neighborhood of the town, the population turned



DRIVING BEARS TO MARKET, AT BEREZOV, RUSSIA.



MONTGOMERY'S MONUMENT, ON THE PLAINES OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC, CANADA.



PREPARING A BRIDEGROOM FOR THE WEDDING IN
FERNANDO PO, AFRICAN COAST.

out en masse to hunt down the animal. With the white or polar bear it is different, and our author asserts that it is no uncommon sight to see a flock of these animals driven through the streets of Berezov, the same as a flock of sheep. Several men were necessary to drive them, not from any fear or safe-guard, but simply because of their pig-like stupidity. They are fat and lazy, and, like sheep, are driven to the slaughter that their skins may make furs, their flesh go to the pot, and their fat to cultivate the hirsute beauties of the people of all nations.

Under this relation it is plain to be seen that Mr. Bear does not understand his own power, or he would not tamely submit to be hustled and driven to his undoing.

THE JEWELRY OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA.

THE wonderful discoveries of Botta and Layard, in Nineveh, have brought the manners and customs of this extinct nation into such familiarity, that we can trace every step of their daily life, and by the same means bring Scriptural history to positive elucidation.



We give some illustrations of the jewelry found in these excavations, that we may show how fashion simply travels from clime to clime, or from age to age, and that our own belles are, in this very day, repeating the styles of 20 or 30 centuries ago.

In those days, men, as well as women, wore ear-rings, bracelets, and brooches. It is to be remarked, however, that not a single case occurs amidst all this display of personal jewelry, of a finger-ring; the entire absence of this ornament in sculpture, wherein details of this nature are so elaborately and carefully attended to, leads to the conclusion that the finger-ring was unknown among them. Not so with the brooch or breast-



ASSYRIAN EAR-RINGS.

pin, many specimens having been found exquisitely and elaborately carved in ivory and mother-of-pearl, and mounted in gold. Gems are more rare, the diamond seldom found, but sapphire, amethyst, and beryl, often. The wire-work in gold is oftentimes fully equal to the best work of the present day, and notwithstanding the entombment of a few thousand years, is undecayed and brilliant.

MONTCALM'S MONUMENT.

On the plains of Abraham stands the monument of Montcalm, a brave and distinguished French



ASSYRIAN BRACELETS.

general, who fell fighting under the walls of Quebec in 1759.

This monument, the first stone of which was laid on November 15th, 1827, was built chiefly through the liberality of the Earl of Dalhousie, who was then Governor-General of Canada. The design was made by Capt. Young, of the 79th regiment, English. The inscription on its front, is:

*Mortem Virtus Communem
Famam Historia
Monumentum Posteritas
Dedit*

On the North side it reads only the word:
"Montcalm."

THE MAUVAISES TERRES, OR BAD LANDS.

The northern route from Minnesota to Idaho leads through the ruggedest and most picturesque country ever viewed by human eyes.

Our illustration is one of the narrow passes through which the emigrant and army trains wend their way.

The bluffs and buttes are formed of clay, coal, rock, and sand, so grotesquely shaped, that the traveler sometimes imagines himself in a large city, with mansions, hotels, palaces, &c., on every side, in some instances forming regular streets and squares.

One of the most curious features of the scene is, that nearly all the stumps, logs and trees are petrified, making as good a whetstone as can be wished for, and would also furnish Barnum with some beautiful specimens of petrification.

Minerals, such as coal and iron ore, are found in great quantities, and the clay furnishes the Missouri river with mud enough to color even the Mississippi to its terminus.

DIVING FOR LIFE.

MR. JAMES ADAIR, a traveler among the Indians on this continent, has, in a recent journal, given us many most interesting incidents of his adventures, among the best of which is the story of a gallant young savage of the Katahba tribe. A party of Seneca Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other. In the



DIVING FOR LIFE, AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN WARFARE IN THE CHOCTAW WAR.

stances, but I never knew this with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies.

but though he had reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running every way, like bloodhounds, in pursuit, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow



MAUVAISES TERRES (THE BAD LANDS), MINNESOTA—ARMY TRAIN ON THE MARCH.

woods, the Senecas discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the Katahbabs, busily hunting game; on his perceiving them, he sprung off for a hollow rock, four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skillful with the gun as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to overtake him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; for though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during the long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was condemned to die by the fiery tortures.

It might be reasonably imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishments on his entering their hostile towns, as a prelude to these sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circum-

stances, but I never knew this with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies.

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BLACKSMITH'S FORGE AND BELLOWS OF GOATSKIN IN MANGANJA, AFRICA.

pursuers were about two days in reaching. There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him, and lay a little way off their camp, hidden in the tall grass, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn and hungry, and his enraged enemies had come up with him. But there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept toward them, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot. Then took their scalps, clothed himself, took a choice gun and as much ammunition and provision as he could well carry on a running march.

He set off with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, except when he reclined, as usual, a little before day with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found that he was free of the pursuing enemy, he made directly up to the place where lay his seven slain of the previous day, dug them up, scalped them, burned their bodies to ashes, and then turned his face to the camp of his tribe, which he reached in safety. Other pursuing enemies came on the second day to the camp of their dead people, and then and there their enthusiasm took a sudden chill. A council was held, and the decision was unanimous that, as he had done such surprising things in his defense before he was captured, and while he was without arms and almost naked, it was only wise to conclude that he was a wizard, who, now that he had arms, would likely make short work of any dozen of them. And so they returned home, and related the doleful story to their friends.

PREPARING A BRIDEGROOM FOR THE WEDDING.

From Abyssinia we are invited by Mr. Hutchinson, through his book lately published in England, "Ten Years in Ethiopia," to make ourselves acquainted with the ceremony of matrimony, as observed at Fernando Po.

Having had an intimation from Boobokas (the many boxes), who is Head King of Issapo, that one of his daughters was about to be married, I took it for an invitation, and walked up to his town a few days before Christmas, to be present at the ceremonial. The first thing of which one is sensible, when approaching a Fernandian village, is the odor of Tola pomatum, wafted by whatever little breeze may be able to find its way through the dense bushes. The next is the crowing of cocks. Indeed, the poultry tribe seem to be the only bipeds endowed with any activity in this island.

At St. Isabel, the capital, some of these, who may be considered the watchful sentinels, crow at 10 at night. The refrain is renewed at midnight, again at two o'clock in the morning, and at day-break the whole host of cock-a-doodle-doo-ers join in a universal chorus—perhaps to announce the coming forth of the rising sun.

On getting inside of the town, our first object of attraction was the cooking going on in his master's kitchen. Here a number of dead porcupine and gazelles were in readiness to be mingled up with palm-oil, and several grubs writhing on skewers, probably to add piquancy to the dishes. These are called Inchakee, being obtained from palm-trees, and look, at first sight, like Brodding-nagian maggots. Instead of waiting to witness the art of the Fernandian Soyer on this material, I congratulated myself on my ham sandwiches and brandy-and-water bottle, safely stowed in my portmanteau, which one of the Kroomen carried on his back, and sat on my camp-stool, beneath the grateful shade of a palm-tree, to rest awhile.

Outside a small hut, belonging to the mother of the bride-expectant, I soon recognized the happy bridegroom, undergoing his toilet from the hands of his future wife's sister. A profusion of Tahibbu strings being fastened round his body, as well as his legs and arms, the anointing lady, having a short black pipe in her mouth, proceeded to putty him over with Tola paste. He seemed not altogether joyous at the anticipation of his approaching happiness, but turned a sulky gaze now and then to a kidney-shaped piece of yam, which he held in his hand, and which had a parrot's red feather fixed on its convex side. This, I was informed, was called Ntshobea, and is regarded as a protection against evil influence during the important day. Two skewer-looking hair-pins, with heads of red and white glass-beads, fastened his hat (which was nothing more than a dish of bamboo plaiting) to the hair of his head, and his toilet being complete, he and one of his groomsmen, as elaborately dressed as himself, attacked a mess of stewed flesh and palm-oil placed before them, as eagerly as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight. In discussing this meal they followed the primitive usage of "fingers before forks," only resting now and then to take a gulp of palm-wine out of a calabash, which was hard by, or to wipe their hands on napkins of cord-leaf, a process which, to say the least of it, added nothing to their washerwoman's bills at the end of the week.

But the bride; here she comes! led forth by her own and her husband-expectant's mother, each holding her by the hand, followed by two Nepees (professional singers) and half-a-dozen bridesmaids. Nothing short of a correct photograph could convey an idea of her appearance. Born down by the weight of rings and wreaths, and girdles of Tahibbu, the Tola pomatum gave her the appearance of an exhumed mummy, save her face, which was all white, not from excess of modesty (and here I may add, the negro race are reputed always to blush blue), but from being smeared over with a white paste, symbolic of purity.

As soon as she was outside the paling, her bridal attire was proceeded with, and the whole body was plastered over with white stuff, a veil of strings of Tahibbu-shells, completely covering her face, and extending from the crown of her head to the chin, as well as on each side from ear to ear, was then thrown over her; over this was placed an enormous helmet, made of cowhide; and any one with a spark of compassion in him, could not help pitying that poor creature, standing for more than an hour under the broiling sun, with such a load on her, whilst the Nepees were celebrating her praises in an extempore epithalamium, and the bridegroom was completing his finery elsewhere. One of the Nepees, who, for what I know, may have been the Grisi of Fernando Po, and who had walked eight miles that morning to assist professionally at the ceremony, commenced a solo celebration of the bride's virtues and qualifications. Whether any person of musical taste who had listened to it, would have entitled the chant a combination of squeak, grunt and howl, I cannot say; but that it produced satisfaction amongst the

native audience was evident from the fact of the energetic cheering of several assistant minstrels, who yelled out—"Hee, hee, jee eh!" at the termination of any passage containing a sentiment that met with their approbation, the exclamation being synonymous with our bravo.

The song, as translated to me, set forth the universal joy of nature at the festival which was approaching, amongst other matters recording the existence of a race of wicked amphibious people, who lived on the African continent, and who would doubtless attempt to come over to disturb the universal harmony; but who they knew if they went into the water on that day, would be all remorselessly devoured by the sharks. It terminated with a recapitulation of the bride's attractive qualities, her beautiful form, figure, and good temper; the latter a quality which I had no reason to doubt, as I did not enjoy the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance. But when the Nepee wound up her praises, by enumerating amongst her other prepossessing attributes the sweet smell proceeding from her, which was the cause of inducing a white man to come and witness the ceremony, I turned away with a shudder, of what kind you may guess, at this outrage on poetic license, and said to myself: "If Nepee only knew the truth!"

The candidates for marriage having taken their positions, side by side, in the open air, fronting the little house from which the bride-elect had been led out by the mothers, and where, I was informed, she had been closely immured for 15 months previous, the ceremony commenced. The mothers were the officiating priests, an institution of natural simplicity, whose homely origin no one will dare to impugn. On these occasions the mother, bishops are prophetically entitled Bonanas, the Fernandian for grandmother. Five bridesmaids marshaled themselves alongside the bride, each in rotation, some inches lower than the other, the outside one being a mere infant in stature, and all having bunches of parrot's feathers on their heads, as well as holding a wand in their right hands. The mothers stood behind the happy pair, and folded an arm of each round the body of the other—Nepees chanting all the while, so that it was barely possible for my interpreter to catch the words by which they were

most of it. The Princess said it was done very nicely, and finally drew from her *prodigie* the simple facts of her condition; how she had an invalid mother, whom she was obliged to leave all alone while she went to the shop to work; how the fashionable rage for the Grover & Baker Sewing had suggested to her to become a finished operator on the Grover & Baker Machine, with the hope; oh! very, very far distant, that some time she might own a machine of her own, and be able to work at home, and earn something more than her for her poor sick mother.

The Princess rang the bell, ordered a bottle of wine, some biscuits, and oranges to be packed and brought to her. Meantime she had asked the wondering, bewildered child, for she was little more, where she lived, and took down the address upon her tablets with her own hand. She then gave her the delicacies, which had been put into a neat little basket, and told her to take them to her mother.

On Christmas morning, into the clean apartment of the invalid mother and her astonished and delighted daughter, was borne a handsome Sewing Machine, with a slip of paper, on which were the words: "A Christmas Gift from Alexandra."

COMPLIMENTARY TO A ROCHESTER LADY ARTIST.—*Watson's New York Art Journal* for last week has the following:

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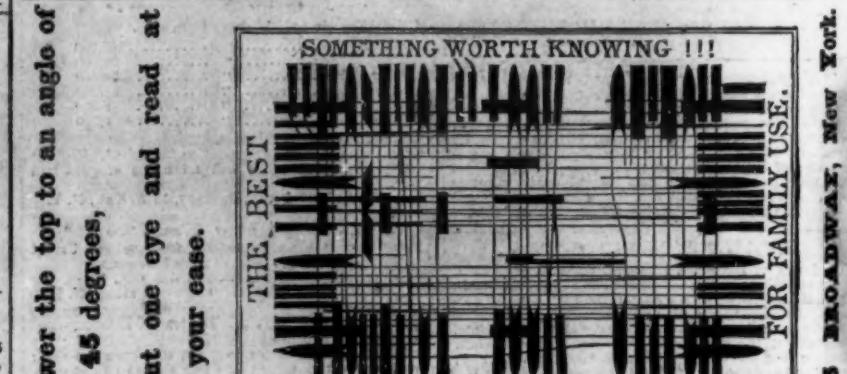
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